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JUNE 1984

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**TENTH
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**



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HIGH TIMES

No. 106 June '84

FEATURES

Photography • Peter Hudson

Interview: Dean Latimer *by the Editors*

This being our Tenth Anniversary issue, we thought it fitting that we interview one of our own—ex-Sordid Affairs Editor, presently Executive Almighty Editor, Dean Latimer. Widely acknowledged as the country's preeminent dope journalist, Latimer has broken such stories as the DEA's Labscam sting operation and the government's misuse of marijuana urinalysis testing, among others. This month Latimer expiates on a host of subjects, ranging from the legalization of heroin to the time he lived in a free-love commune with a horny German shepherd

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Marijuana and Health: Tenth Report to the U.S. Congress

by the staff of NISA

The National Institute of Self-Abuse has just released its 10th annual report with manifold conclusions, each one more shocking than the next. They've found, for instance, that "marihuana" is, for all practical purposes, the same thing as "marijuana," except that it's spelled with an "h" instead of a "j." They've also found that the publishing of accurate scientific information, as opposed to half-truths and outright lies, can be extremely hazardous to your career

43

Big Jack and the Unnamed Tribe, Conclusion *by Ted Mann*

Returning after 20 years to the steaming jungles of the upper Amazon basin was not going to be easy for Big Jack, famous anthropology professor. Charged by his department chairman with going back to live amongst the natives to gather material for another best-selling book, he was prepared for the worst. But headhunting savages, poisonous snakes and man-eating tapirs turned out to be the least of his worries

56

The Fifth Column: Monarch Mania *by William Levy*

With the whole of Europe for his beat, our resident scamp abroad inaugurates an intermittent column which explores the news, notions and nuances from across the Big Water. From the crowned heads of state to the potheads of the Leidseplein, Levy has proved his mettle in past issues of HIGH TIMES. This month he tackles the ugly mess that is the Dutch royal family

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Dope Detectors of 1984 . . . Octogenarian Pulls Three Years for Pot . . . Feds Mistakenly Free "Coke Kingpins" . . . Sliding-Scale Justice in Houston . . . "Supercop" Gets 14-Year Term . . . Brokers Cut Loose in Narc-to-Narc Deal . . .

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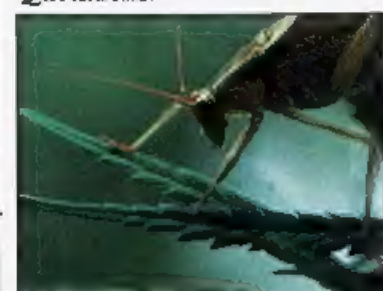
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40 Sativa Takes Title, Indica on the Ropes *by "R"*

In what appears to be the final round of this protracted and psychologically debilitating contest, our Connoisseur has proclaimed the inevitable triumph of sativa, and showing the heart of a true champion he has lifted his ban on indica. "Let the forces of an enlightened free market work their will. I am confident the truth will set us free."

46 A Treasure of Tasty Treats: Then and Now
A lot has changed in the last 10 years. Fashions in clothes, music, politics, not to mention in the choice of controlled substances for recreational use. In honor of our Tenth Anniversary issue of HIGH TIMES, we're charting this change by running our very first and very latest **dope pictorials**, back to back, plus a fascinating reprint of our very first Trans-High Market Quotations.



52 Let Them Eat Fertilizer *by Kayo*

For cultivators intent on producing the healthiest plants with the highest yields, a thorough understanding of the function and various techniques of fertilization is indispensable. This month's Grow American will give you just that. You'll learn how to identify specific nutrient deficiencies, how to correct them and more generally, which type of fertilizing system will work best for your particular garden. From the author of *The Sinsemilla Technique*.

A WARNING TO OUR CUSTOMERS:

Counterfeits of the products pictured below may have been sold to unsuspecting stores and customers around the country in recent months.

In an effort to foil the efforts of said counterfeiters, and for the protection of our customers, we have instituted certain measures:

One gram cards are no longer made by simply gluing vials to the cards. We blister seal the vial to the cards, which also makes the package tamper evident.

All other sizes ($\frac{1}{8}$ oz., $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and 1 oz.) are labeled and individually serial numbered (consisting of a letter and five digits - see photo below). The new labels are glossy, and have round corners. Clear bottles with tamper evident aluminum caps are still used.

If you have reason to believe that the products you purchased may not be authentic, **CONTACT US IMMEDIATELY!** If you send us the suspect product *unopened*, we will replace it free of charge.

Counterfeit products may be made with inferior materials. Buy only the original.



A WORD ABOUT ANOTHER PROBLEM:

Quite often we hear reports that competitive products claim to be "higher quality", or "better" than our products. These are subjective claims, and nothing more than biased opinions. We won't tell you that our products are "the best", we'll let you decide that. But, we will tell you that statistics don't lie, and Ultra-Scent, Super-Scent, and Milky Trails are the best selling incenses of their kind in the country. We take every effort to maintain the highest standards, in an effort to bring you what we feel are high quality, reliable products.

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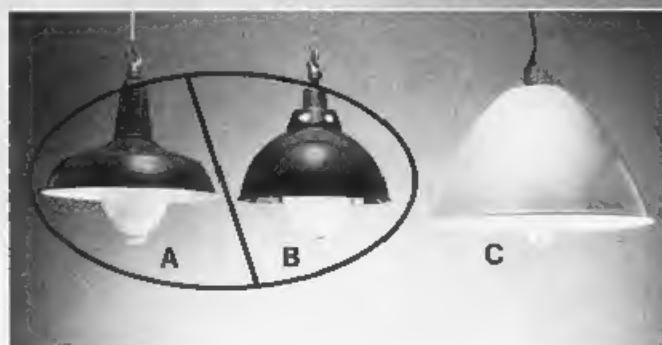
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What'samatta, Nevada?

Editor:

I would like you to consider publishing the following letter.

While traveling from Northern California to Denver, Colorado, I unfortunately stopped in Reno, Nevada. I have now been in jail there for 110 days awaiting trial. I am charged with possession and possession for sale (both for marijuana); *each charge is a felony* here. In Nevada any amount of marijuana in your possession is a felony. If the amount is under *one ounce* you will be sentenced from *one to six* years in Nevada State Prison. More than an ounce and you will also be charged with possession for sale and be given an additional one to fifteen years.

I realize many folks smoke marijuana every day. What they fail to realize is that it remains a major crime in many states.

Since my incarceration I have written many letters. I received a reply to one I wrote to NORML which said that "Last year 450,000 people were arrested for marijuana offenses, about 20,000 are currently in jail." That's quite a few people. If people would like to smoke marijuana without fear of getting dragged off to prison to serve long and harsh sentences, I suggest that they support NORML and

help put an end to this kind of treatment. Tomorrow you could be looking at the world through bars without a chance to change your future.

One last point I would like to make is that in Nevada they enjoy your business—without it they would starve. Tourism is their major source of income and they will be more than happy to take your money. However, if you smoke marijuana, you are considered one of the worst, low-life criminals that walk the face of the earth. You are automatically looked upon as the kind of person who sells dangerous drugs to small children in the schoolyard. They will happily take your money on the gaming tables, and then, with great pleasure, toss you in prison. So before you come to Nevada, ask yourself this, "Do I want to support the economy of a state that is so vindictive toward marijuana users?" And when you're gambling, are you willing to lose your future as well as your money? Their favorite joke here is "Come to Nevada on vacation, and leave on probation." The funny thing is, most people I've met in jail here did just that—came here for their vacation.
—Kenneth Kruse

Thanks for the warning, Kenneth. Nevada and Arizona are the only two states in which possession of marijuana is still considered a felony.—Ed.

Youth, Take Heed

Editor:

Your magazine is one big piece of trash. I would think you would be mature enough to realize what your magazine is doing to the younger generation. But I can see that you are not.

You are encouraging the younger generation to smoke *pot*, and take *drugs*. You are saying it is okay.

In one of your recent issues you were saying how bad it is to drink. But you said it was okay to smoke *pot* and take *drugs*. You were listing the hazards of *alcohol*.

Someone who is taking *drugs* or *smoking pot* for the first time receives the same results in the end as someone who is drinking for the first time.

I personally know someone who is on *pot*. They refuse to believe that it is, in any way, harming themselves. They lose control of their senses—without realizing it.

People who read your magazine will want to try it, just because it sounds like fun. Your magazine is just inviting them to try it.

I am not a nun, nor am I gay. I don't smoke. I drink on special occasions. I am married and have a child. I'm in my twenties.

—Someone who likes to live a normal life. And wished that everybody else would also.

Gosh, we've never tried absolute teetotal sobriety before, and have never known anybody who has tried it. But you certainly do make it sound interesting.—Ed.

Just Checking

Editor:

Thank you, Dean Latimer, for speaking about this sensitive area of manufactured psychoactive chemicals [HIGH TIMES, Jan. '84]. I found your article entertaining, enlightening, informative and sobering. And congratulations for having the class to scramble the synthesis of PC's but still drawing one's attention to those "fishy" chemicals.

But I guess you got carried away with scrambling data. By my records the "Apex" ad was pulled in July, not April, of '82. And Apex was finally exposed in August '82.

And no, "Chon" Chemical wasn't the first one to sneak by the Ad Manager



Absolutely Tops

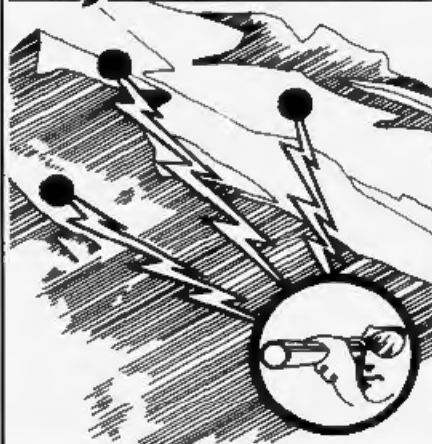
Editor:

Enclosed is a picture of some indica plants. We've been growing them indoors and here are the results, in just one to one and a half months. We would appreciate it if you would print this in HIGH TIMES in the near future. Thanks.

Check out the bag of tops off them already!!!

—D. & J.
western N.Y.

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LETTERS

either. It seems "Aardvark Industries" in Louisville, Kentucky, was the first. They were offering the P2P precursor, phenyl acetic acid (controlled by state law in California). And the month prior (coincidentally I'm sure) was "DHH" in Louisville, offering the now infamous "DEA watch list" and a fifty-six-page (!) crack recipe for twenty-five dollars.

Also, in early '83 let's not forget the "legally obtained MDA synthesis" from "Tom Smith" of San Diego, California, for a mere eight dollars. And yes, as would be expected, this MDA synthesis was for "beginners."

These ads represent a whole new category. Because they name questionable chemicals up front. So just answering the ad can be step number one. What do you think, Uncle Dean? —"Little Pigs in a straw house" Somewhere on the West Coast

Not everybody who ever advertised chemicals and formulas in this magazine has been a cop. As far as we know—and we've checked very, very extensively—none of these other ads you've mentioned were placed by cops.—D. Latimer

How to O.D. on O

Editor:

Could you help settle an argument? Actually it's a bet, and we can't find any information on this matter.

My friend says you can die from smoking opium. I say you will pass out before you can smoke enough opium to overdose and die.

We live on the side of Mauna Loa and there's not much to do between harvests but make these stupid bets. —Steve

Mauna Loa, HI

P.S.: Did Japanese women used to bind their feet like the Chinese?

You're both right about the opium, actually. If you're only smoking it, all by itself, you oughtn't to be able to manage anything more lethal than a pass-out coma by inhaling deeply. However, if you've eaten some opium beforehand, or drunk any alcoholic beverages, or done any tranquilizers or ludes, or even cough medicine, then you ought to be able to overdose dead by inhaling a few lungfuls of good high-test Golden Triangle opium on top of it all. You lucky stiffs in Hawaii get plenty of good, glossy black
(continued on page 15)

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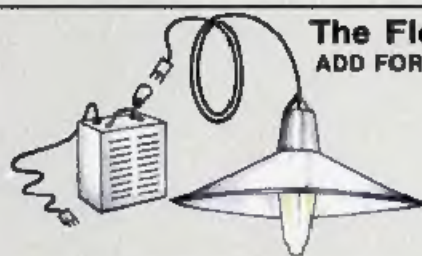


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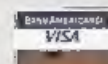
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The Gospel According to Tom



Old-timers may recall the names of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, but it's unlikely they ever heard of Tom Forcade before his 1979 obituary in *HIGH TIMES*—the magazine Tom founded 10 years ago, after squeaking himself out of the Chicago Eight conspiracy. This interview was conducted by Tom's wife, Gabrielle, the very week before his tragic death.

GABRIELLE SCHANG-FORCADE: If you had to state your occupation in a couple of words, what would you call yourself?

TOM FORCADE: **A social architect.**

G: What do you mean by that?

T: **I have to take mega concepts and make them work in mass and in macro scale.**

G: Aren't you also a culture broker of some sort?

T: **Well, yes. I buy low and sell high, but I don't mark it up very much, and I try to add a lot in the process.**

G: People have compared your starting *HIGH TIMES* magazine to a guy who went out to his backyard to dig a hole and accidentally struck oil... But I wonder if it was really so simple.

T: **No. The first issue was easy. It's the last issue that's the hard one. You're only as good as the last issue.**

G: What drugs do you take for your personal enjoyment?

T: **I never met a drug I didn't like, but I never violate any local, state or federal laws. I believe in clean**

living and I stay away from sugar. Why, do I seem high to you?

G: The magazine is tolerant of many different types of drugs, but it rarely mentions heroin. What is your view of smack?

T: **It amounts to social control on a molecular level. I also find heroin boring.**

G: How do you resolve the dichotomy between being a businessman and an artist?

T: **I make it, and then sell it, and then I spend the money.**

G: What motivates you?

T: **I have a deep fear of killing myself out of boredom.**

G: What do you worry about?

T: **Being extradited to another planet.**

G: Why don't you want to go to another planet?

T: **The nearest one is four light-years away. That's a long time to be wearing handcuffs.**

G: Do you sometimes worry about going to jail for some of the things you've stood up for?

T: **Effectively, I've already spent the last ten years in jail—I've been under such close surveillance. My only real crime is not agreeing with the straight media.**

G: How do you feel about the straight media?

T: **I think that *Tass* and *Pravda* in Russia are probably as independent as *Time* and *Newsweek*, the**

New York Times, the *Washington Post* and CBS. In the past twenty years the media has been bought up and has become a subsidiary of big business. There is no media self-criticism in this country. The result is inevitable. What we read here is tightly controlled. Therefore, Americans are very provincial and have little idea what's really going on in the world. That's what I've seen after reading dozens of foreign newspaper magazines every week. It's a sad thing. I think the people who work in the media, to the extent they're aware, are trying to do something about it.

G: Why do you suppose *HIGH TIMES* is compared to *Playboy* magazine?

T: **That's nice, isn't it? They're both jolly advocates of hedonism and they're both more complex than they appear to be.**

Ask me how many magazines I read.

G: How many magazines do you read?

T: **I read a couple hundred a week. I'm a compulsive reader.**

G: What do you do for entertainment?

T: **Oh, fuck, sleep, read, listen to music and work—ideally in that order.**

G: Why did you live in hotels for seven years a while ago?

T: **Room service.**

G: Why don't you like to be photographed?

T: **It's like being shot, to me. It steals your soul... It steals my soul, anyway. The Muslims believed that, and they make very good hashish.**

G: Can you see into the future?

T: **Well, yeah, about three months. I'm not a soothsayer.**

G: Why do you keep changing *HIGH TIMES*?

T: **Boredom.**

G: Why did you put Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols on the cover of *HIGH TIMES*?

T: **He was new, exciting and controversial. He had one great song, "God Save the Queen." I liked his eyes, and he stood for something... You know, not everybody who is hip wants to be a hippie.**

G: How did you get the idea for *HIGH TIMES*?

T: **Through a combination of ni-**

/ continued on page 13



Lookin' for a Label

That's Sherry Lutz (second from right), HIGH TIMES Advertising Manager, and her all-female reggae band, Steppin' Razor, all dressed up with no major record company willing to sign them to a two-year contract with a nice cash advance. And frankly, we can't understand why. Not only have they been booked into all of New York's clubs—and received rave reviews from the critics—their single, "Chaos," due out in early June, Rasta time, was produced by legendary dubmaster Niney "The Observer," plus they're planning a tour of Europe and an appearance at Jamaica's Sunsplash '84. So what gives, Clive? Currently, the band is busy laying down tracks at Cannings Studio in New York City, but will make time to return any and all calls from legitimate record-company executives and even have lunch with them—if need be.

Good to the Last Drop

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trous oxide and fear. I had just been acquitted of an explosives charge in 1973 and I went into a long period of self-examination to determine what I wanted to do next. The "movement" was over, and I needed something to keep from killing myself out of boredom. And so, aided by many tanks of nitrous oxide, I came up with **HIGH TIMES**.

G: What was it like in the old days?

T: First there was just me and Ed Dwyer, who is an able writer and editor. We were usually so wiped out we could barely crawl up to put our hands on the keyboard of the typewriters. That went on about four months and then I hired six or seven other people—an art director, advertising director, office boy, associate editor, a couple of writers—and it was pretty strange. Then I got this weird fellow named Michael Gibbons, who was a systems analyst, to become publisher, and he managed to bring order out of chaos. Since then there have been a lot of people working there. We always manage to stay high and come out on time. Ask me what it's like now.

G: What's it like now?

T: It's an efficient worklike office, but there is room for creativity in it. There's not too much pressure and that's healthy. There was a time when walking through the offices of **HIGH TIMES** was like going through the midway in a sleazy carnival. There were people with pills in one room, grass in another, coke in another room, nitrous in the next room, glue in another room and so on down the hall. But people were under a lot of pressure and maybe they felt they had something to prove. It's a lot healthier now. Things are more in perspective. We have the high without the hassle. It's a good magazine based on a good idea, and it knows its readers.

G: Exactly what kind of magazine is **HIGH TIMES**?

T: It's an all-American magazine with a section on world news. We support America 100 percent, especially South America.

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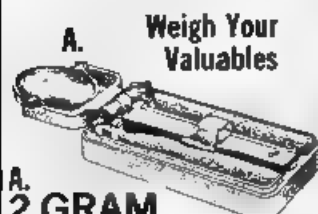
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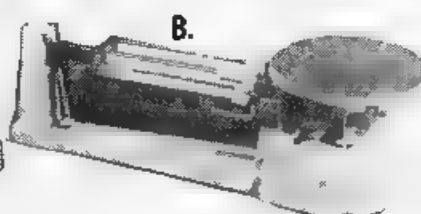
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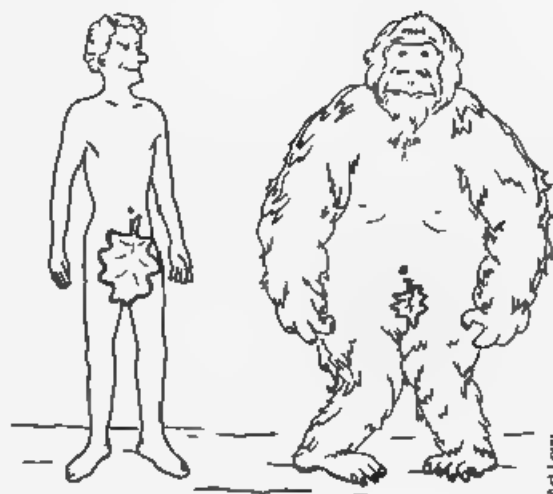
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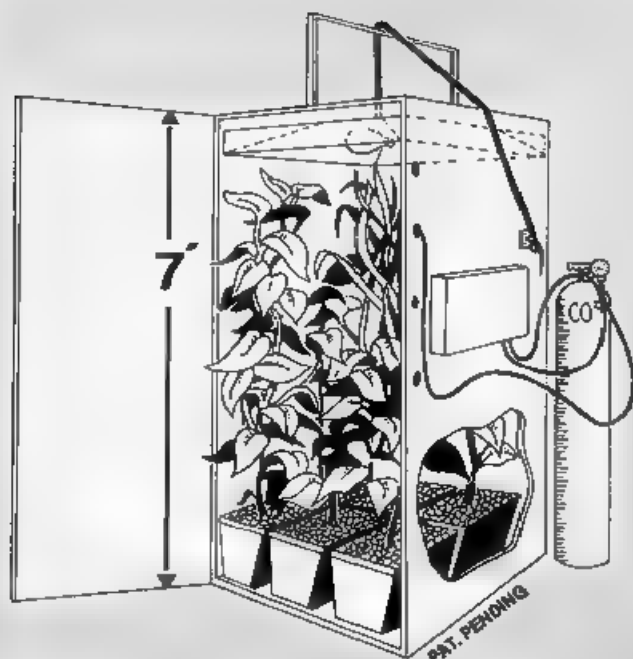
Did You Know...

- that, contrary to prevailing sociological thought, rape is not a purely human phenomenon? Among mallard ducks, gang rape of the female frequently occurs, often resulting in the female's death since she may have had her head held under water during her ordeal.
- that of all the primates that inhabit the earth, it is man who has the largest penis? A 200-pound gorilla, for example, will have a penis of perhaps only two inches in length, whereas the human penis generally measures about four inches.
- that when both partners are lying on their sides and facing each other, they are having sex in the "gecko-lizard manner," according to natives of the Marquesas islands.



Information culled from
*Sexual Practices: The
Story of Human Sexuality*,
by Edgar Gregersen.

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LETTERS

*/ continued from page 8
sweet-smelling O, don't you?*

As for Japanese women's feet, no, there's no indigenous tradition of foot-binding in Japan. They still to this day, though, bind up all the rest of their women in kimonos.—Ed.

Proudly They Swerve

Dear Ed.

Those of us who have survived the elimination process of the U.S. military urinalysis program thought you might be pleased to know that we are still high and happy, regardless of their unfair invasion of privacy and pursuit of our unhappiness.

While the army does try to keep our morale high, we have found better ways.

Jumping from an aircraft in flight is a great high, but you come down too fast! Therefore, we ensure that our altitude is at a stable cruise through the ozone layer.

—Name and address withheld

The Geek Is Unique

Editor:

Good to see Ganesh Baba, Ira Cohen and John Keel in the Feb. '84 HIGH TIMES. Key-men for the age. More. More.

Research call (and you may wish to publish the info for other interested readers): In the piece on geek cartoonist Joe Coleman (also Feb. '84), you cite his book, *The Mystery of Woolverine Woo-Bait*, without giving publisher or ordering info.

—Cobra

Ithaca, N.Y.

Forgive the oversight, Mr. Cobra. You and anyone else can get a copy of Coleman's book by sending \$6.50 postpaid to Joe Coleman, P.O. Box 1416, New York, NY 10009.—Ed.

Monkey Business

Editor:

Your Oct. '83 issue had an article by James Boylan entitled "The Five Strangest Places in America." Included in this piece was a write-up of a monkey orphanage located on Long Island. We too have a monkey orphanage in our house in West Linn, Oregon. We would love to write to the one on Long Island. Is there any chance I could get

the address of the monkey orphanage? We could send pictures back and forth and relate. There are only a very few of us left.

—Name withheld
West Linn, Oreg.

The names in the piece were changed by Boylan to ensure the orphanage operators' privacy. We will, though, forward your letter to Boylan and ask that he use his influence to bring all you monkey-lovers together.—Ed.

Grovel, Gulp—Latimer

Editor:

The article entitled "Cokearoma" by Dean Latimer (HIGH TIMES, Mar. '84) contains numerous serious errors of fact. Among them are several erroneous quotations or statements attributed to me. I wish to correct the writer who has apparently invented this information for want of better copy. I do not have a private clinic; I do not advise patients to sniff cocaine aroma ad libitum, I do not advise patients to avoid carrying the aroma through the airports; Richard Pryor and John De Lorean have never been my clients; I have never reported that narcotic officers are losing buy-money on "syntho-coke"; I have never heard the particular expression "syntho-coke"; and I do not have any problems with maintaining confidentiality. However, I apparently do have problems with keeping HIGH TIMES from fabricating such information and then attributing it to me. In this sense, HIGH TIMES might benefit from a standard of practice employed by even some of the supermarket tabloids whose standards of journalism HIGH TIMES is rapidly approaching. Namely, employ independent copy editors to check statements and quotations over the telephone with the sources. The costs of such checking procedures can prove to be a better bargain than the costs of litigation.

—Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D.
Los Angeles, Calif

HIGH TIMES apologizes to Dr. Siegel, and thanks him for setting the record straight.—Ed

We appreciate hearing from you. Send all letters to: HIGH TIMES Adviser, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.



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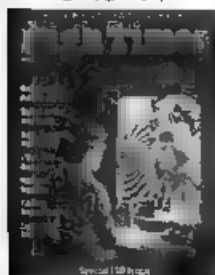
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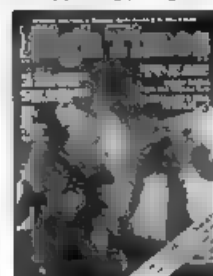
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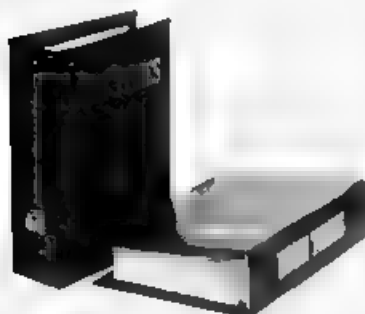


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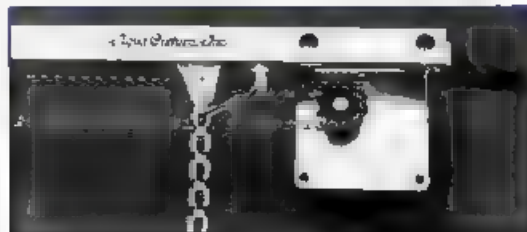


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This is a no-frills generic subscription ad. It occupies the same space as fancier theme-oriented subscription ads but it saves the management of this magazine thousands of dollars that would have been wasted on motivational research, coke-numbed copywriters and temperamental designers, not to mention the ridiculous amount of money that those thieves charge for color separations these days.

Further, since this is a generic subscription ad, it is designed to be compatible with any of the magazines that you have around your household. That is, at first glance, it is not evident which magazine you will receive when you fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page. In this case, it is not an oversight on the part of management.

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FLEDGLING FIRMS
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IN RUSH TO MARKET
DRUG-TESTING GEAR

by Dean Latimer

NEW YORK CITY

"THERE IS A GREAT DENIAL of the drug problem in this country," Luis Dominguez of Checkpoint Laboratories was incessantly reminding the press last winter. "The children deny to the parents that they're taking drugs. Parents deny it to themselves that their child does have a drug problem. This is a vehicle for parents who want to find out one way or the other if their children are taking drugs."

Even with shock talk like that, however, and even with the enthusiastic backing of First Lady Nancy Reagan, Checkpoint's novel "U-Care" system—mail-order urinalysis for drugs—hasn't hit the market yet. Originally it was due to go on drugstore shelves last November, but somehow or other, U-Care is still hanging fire at this writing. Mr. Dominguez assures *HIGH TIMES*, however, that it's expected to be all over us "marijuana people" momentarily.

"PINPOINT DRUNK DRIVERS AND DRUG USERS IN LESS THAN 60 SECONDS!" the Pharmometrics Corporation of New Jersey has been bidding police officers all around the country since last fall. "The [drug] toll on the United States has been estimated at an astonishing 26.8 billion dollars last year," frets company president Selig Solomon in his advertising matter, "and that was said to be conservative!"



Nancy Reagan (left) served as liaison between Checkpoint and the national Chemical People organization. That's Mr. T on the right, he had nothing to do with it.

Despite Pharmometrics's appalling figures for "drug-related costs" to American society, however (which include, for example, \$1.6 billion for burglar alarm systems, as though every single burglary were committed by dope addicts), the merchandising of Pharmometrics's novel ADMIT brainwave-scanner is still "eight months down the road at least," Solomon told *HIGH TIMES* last time we checked.

Somehow, even here in 1984, midway through the Reagan era, these two wonderful devices designed for the moral rehabilitation of our narcotics-corrupted society are having terrible trouble getting to market. Some perplexed souls have concluded that the marijuana people have pulled sinister strings in the smoke-filled back rooms of Washington to slam an evil whammy on these noble gimmicks, and the noble aspirations of their merchandisers. Others, less perplexed, have concluded that the things ought to be shown to work, before they suddenly begin compromising the civil and human rights of thousands of people all around the nation—even if it is 1984.

The Mail-Order Piss Test

The U-Care system at Checkpoint Laboratories (Box 223, Aldie, VA 22001) is nothing but the EMIT drug-urinalysis system which has already caused endless trouble for its main consumer, the U.S.

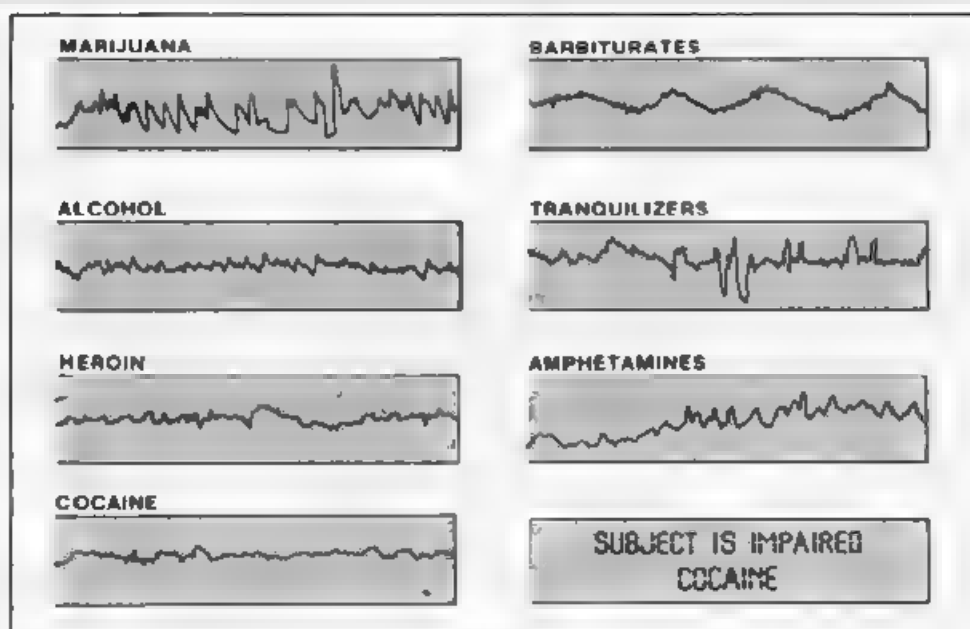
Department of Defense (DOD), (see "High-witness News," Feb. '84). Checkpoint Laboratories itself is nothing but a subsidiary company of Reuter Laboratories of Fairfax, Virginia, created by Reuter last year special for the U-Care project. If the U-Care's EMIT system winds up costing as much in lawsuit money as drug urinalysis is costing the DOD, Reuter president Tom Reuter can simply declare bankruptcy on the Checkpoint entity and save the parent company time and money.

U-Care's original launching date was last November 18, when Reuter and Dominguez regaled journalists at Washington's National Press Club with the system's splendid moral utility and breathtaking simplicity. Concerned parents would simply purchase U-Care "kits" at their local drugstore—each kit consisting primarily of a sealable, mailable urine-sample vial with an anonymous code-ticket attached. They'd get their kids to piss in the vial somehow, send it to Checkpoint, and call after a week (703-754-9299) and read off the code number. The Checkpoint people would then report whether or not that sample was "positive" for pot, alcohol, "tudes, uppers, downers or whatever (according to the EMIT, anyhow). The Reuter/Checkpoint people suggested that this sort of thing would do wonders for promoting love and harmony among American families everywhere—to speak only of families.

"We're talking to school systems, universities, small manufacturing companies and corporations from the *Forbes* 400," U-Care flack Gene Charles exuberantly told the *Washington City Paper*. The schools around Fairfax, he let on, were all lined up to piss-test their brats en masse the minute they could get their hands on some U-Care kits.

There was a problem with the U-Care kits, however: Each one came proudly stamped APPROVED BY THE FDA, which was not true. After NORML national director Kevin Zeese heard about U-Care, and petitioned the FDA to reconsider its alleged approval of the device, the FDA discovered that it had only *advised* the Reuter people about how to set up a mail-order piss-test system. But the FDA had never inspected the final kit to see whether their collection vial met their standards of mailability. Or so the FDA was still telling *HIGH TIMES* several months after U-Care's launching date had been delayed.

"Actually, I hear it's because the FDA is taking a closer look at the EMIT system itself, finally," says Zeese. "They know it's no good all by itself for forensic purposes, and they're talking about making the EMIT's manufacturer put a tighter warning on its label. Where it now says, 'All EMIT positive



Pharmometrics's ADMIT system produces squiggles like these. They ostensibly identify which of thousands of possible substances are active in the brain of a person tested.

results should be confirmed with an alternative method,' some FDA people want it to say, 'Must be confirmed with mass spectrometry.' Or so I hear. Until they get that straightened out, one way or the other, U-Care is certainly not going to go on the market."

The Brain Zapper

"I don't know what we're gonna call the sucker," Pharmometrics chairman Selig Solomon was still telling *HIGH TIMES* late last year, months after circulars advertising this novel gimmick had gone out to cop-shops from coast to coast. "I was lunching with the ad people a while back and asked them, 'Why don't we just call it the "Zapper"?' It was a joke, but they didn't think it was funny."

Certainly the Zapper would be no less ugly (nor more inaccurate) than this machine's original title, the "Narcometer." It was patented in 1981 by a pediatrician in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, Dr. Thomas Westerman. Essentially, it employs a rudimentary sort of brain-wave monitor called an "electroencephalograph," which monitors a subject's "corneoretinal potential" through three electrodes taped to the subject's head. After getting the patent on it, Westerman sent press releases to all the wire services, claiming that his machine could tell whether a person was stoned on pot, alcohol, "tudes, uppers, downers or whatever, and would be a god-send to traffic cops. The media, naturally, gave the Narcometer an enormous amount of well-meaning, ultracredulous, free public-

ity; and by and by, Westerman had a well-beaked bidder for the right to merchandise it: National Patent Developers, Inc., of 783 Jersey Ave., New Brunswick, NJ 08901.

And National Patent Developers created this "Pharmometrics" letterhead entity—same address and phone number as NPD (201-249-3232)—to effectively and safely merchandise the Narcometer, under the direction of Selig Solomon, who eventually did come up with a very pretty name for it indeed.

"It's the ADMIT system," he says. "Alcohol/Drug-Motorsensory-Impairment-Test." The merchandisers of the EMIT ("Enzyme-Multiplied-Immunoassay-Test") have not yet commented publicly on the felicitous similarity of these two acronyms for commercial drug-detection devices.

The ADMIT system, once on the market, will not be for sale, but for lease: \$2,000 per year for three years, and \$500 every year after that. Hard-pressed police-department budgeters who are enticed into contracting for an ADMIT gimmick, on these terms, will be very highly motivated to enter its results in court, just to get some value for their money. But a nystagmograph would seem to have dubious prospects for such purposes, considering that *polygraphs* can't be admitted in courts—and a nystagmograph is merely a part of the standard polygraph system.

"It's a sad thing," comments Kevin Zeese at NORML. "Everybody wants some sort of quick, cheap, reliable test that cops can use to tell if people are driving while stoned. People want it so bad, they're ready to believe any sort of tech-talk gobbledegook from charlatans who say they've invented a test that good. But until they come up with one that works, NORML is not going to stand by and watch these people make money from violations of other people's rights."

Highwitness News always needs new leads on stories from around the country. Send news clippings on busts, scandals and events of interest to: News Department, **HIGH TIMES**, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

OCTOGENARIAN PULLS 3 YEARS FOR POT

MAYBEL, 83, PLAYS THE PLANO WHILE NARCS SEARCH HER HOUSE

ELBERTON, GEORGIA

"THEY DONE MADE ME famous even in the detective magazines," Maybel Cawthorn laments. "There ain't no more need for it."

Sorry, Maybel, **HIGH TIMES** can't resist recounting your misfortunes, just once more.

Ms. Cawthorn is the object of all this media attention because she was sentenced in February, at age 83, to a three-year jail term for selling a small amount of marijuana to an agent of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI). Of course, this was her second offense. She was first busted back in October, when she was only 82, for selling seven grams of Georgia home-grown to another GBI agent. The problem with Maybel is she just doesn't seem to be able to take the criminal justice system seriously.

At the sentencing in January for her first offense, Superior Court Judge George Bryant was peeved, but tried to be lenient: "For you to be eighty-two years old and contributing to the drug movement that I think is ruining this country... it's incomprehensible. I just do not understand it at all," he told her. With that, he sentenced Maybel to five years' probation and commanded her to pay a \$500 fine or perform a commensurate amount of community service for Franklin County.

Maybel's \$315-a-month social-security income did not allow for payment of the fine, so she didn't seem to have much choice. She was defiant anyway though: "I'm not going to work for no Franklin County," she blurted out to her probation officer, right in front of Judge Bryant.

This was cause for some confusion in the sanctum of justice, and court was temporarily recessed for the defendant to confer privately with her public defender and the probation officer. On their return to the courtroom her attorney apologized profusely to the judge, explaining

that Maybel was "not familiar with the decorum and dignity of the courtroom."

Judge Bryant admonished her sternly, "You are going to have to curtail your manner of expression. This court is not play-

dience of reporters.

It was only a little over a week later, on 5 February, that GBI agent number two scored another \$25 worth of grass from Ms. Cawthorn, or so he says—Maybel denied it. Narcs

and performed "The Wabash Cannonball" for the GBI agents as they carried out their assigned intrusions.

Later, when asked in a court hearing to acknowledge the weed found on the fridge, she scoffed, "I don't know what it was. It looked like tomato leaves to me."

That was a bit much for poor Judge Bryant. "To allow this lady to get away with this... would simply be a mockery of this court," he declared, and handed her a term of three years in the Women's Correctional Institution at Hardwick. Maybel said she would appeal the sentence.

"I don't know what it was. It looked like tomato leaves to me."

ing games with you"; but he left the sentence unchanged.

On her way out of the courthouse Maybel belted out a chorus of her best-loved hymn, "On the Hallelujah Side," for an au-

searched her house again, about a week after that, and found a stash of pot leaves on top of her refrigerator. The search didn't seem to faze Maybel: She sat down at her old upright piano



AP/Wide World

SWEET CHARIOT: Willie (Wimp) Stokes, Jr., must have known his days were numbered. Stokes was shot to death late last winter in the parking lot of the southside Chicago motel where he lived. Police theorized that the shooting was the result of a drug deal gone sour. Before he was murdered, though, Wimp had reportedly requested a special sort of funeral.

So his family, with respect for 26-year-old Willie's lifestyle, went to a body shop and had his casket outfitted to resemble the Cadillac Seville he had driven in life: complete with hood ornament, chrome grill, working lights and flashy hubcaps. His corpse was dressed in a red velvet suit, crowned with his favorite brim and propped up in a postmortal gangster lean. Clutched in his diamond-bedecked fingers were wads of large denomination bills. About 5,000 of the bereaved and the curious filed through the funeral home to view his remains.

FEDS FREE 'COKE KINGPINS' IN MANHATTAN BY MISTAKE

NEW YORK CITY

IN JANUARY, IT WAS ONE OF the U.S. Justice Department's biggest publicity scores: 13 people indicted in a major ongoing conspiracy involving the importation of hundreds of kilograms of cocaine to the New York area, \$3.5 million profit in

a single month; machine guns with silencers—and thanks to the coordinated efforts of every conceivable federal agency, the perpetrators were all safely behind bars.

Less than a month later, the two alleged top dogs in this alleged Colombian coke mob, Severo Escobar Ortega and Victor

Mera Mosquera, walked out of the Foley Square federal courthouse in Manhattan never to be seen again. More than a day passed before anyone who cared even knew they were gone. By the next day, everyone along the intended chain of custody of these two fugitives was trying to explain—without seeming too stupid—how their release had come to pass.

U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who had lately been gaining points toward his future political career by using federal officers to make street heroin busts on the city's Lower East Side, could only confess, "They were released from federal custody in what appears to be an unfortunate mistake. As far as I know, this has never happened before."

The following account of what apparently *had* happened is pieced together from the accounts of Giuliani and Romoli J. Imundi, the head federal marshal for the New York district:

One morning in early February, Escobar and Mera appeared in court, along with several mi-

nor defendants in the case, for a bail-reduction hearing. The bond for each of the two "kingpins" had been set at a cool million. Neither of them was granted a reduction, but the judge decided to allow one of the underlings cited in the indictment, Alene Green, to be released on her own recognizance. The hearing ended at about 11.30 A.M., and all of the defendants were routinely led out of the ninth-floor courtroom down to a detention area on the third floor.

Here, a deputy marshal was to process them to their respective destinations. Ms. Green was to be freed, and Escobar, Mera and the others would be returned to the Metropolitan Correctional Center. But the deputy was handed a crucially ambiguous document. On it the names of Escobar and Mera appeared directly beneath Green's. Next to Green's name was a notation that she was to be released, next to the first of the Colombian's names, "same" was written with ditto marks under it for the next name—meaning that the bail status of Escobar and Mera was unchanged. The officer in charge, however, took these markings to mean that the disposition for them was the same as for Green,

/ continued on page 27



U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani. "We are very, very upset!"

AP/Wide World

SLIDING-SCALE JUSTICE IN HOUSTON

HOUSTON, TEXAS

IT WAS AN UGLY DEAL TO BE PARADED LIKE that, before God and everybody.

The Harris County district attorney's office had made a sliding-scale arrangement with accused cocaine dealer David Green. If he brought the cops "four indictable quality and quantity" dope cases, they would reduce the charges against him to possession and recommend five years' probation; if he snitched off five people, he would get five years' probation "with deferred adjudication"—meaning he would end up with a clean record if he stayed out of trouble for the full five years, and if the busts resulted in the confiscation of a whole kilo of cocaine, the charges against him would be dismissed, period.

The written agreement to this effect was exposed in an evidentiary hearing held in February in the case of one of the people Green had set up about a year ago—a young

man who just happened to be the son of one of the coowners of the Houston Gamblers USFL team. The defense wanted the evidence suppressed because this bargain with Green seemed so fundamentally repugnant

"It's just unbelievable. It gives an individual a license to go out and put a heavy-duty hurt on people."

to anybody's sense of equal justice under the law

It did strike state District Judge Charles Hearn as "a dirty business," but he could see

no legal grounds for suppression of the evidence and denied the defense motion. The very next day, however, he felt obliged to go on record as condemning the practice. Speaking to Christy Drennan of the *Houston Chronicle*, he declared, "That's an awfully open-ended agreement. It's just unbelievable. It gives an individual a license to go out and put heavy-duty hurt on people. What it does is say, 'Let's police by ambush.'" Nonetheless, he had admitted the evidence in the case at issue, and the prosecutors retained the probability of a conviction.

Even the D.A. himself, John Holmes, Jr., under whose auspices the controversial agreement had been negotiated, was moved to look publicly askance at such bounty-hunting trade-offs. Denying that he even knew his assistants were entering into such deals, Holmes moralized, "I think the practice needs to be watched with a great deal of caution. I'm not so sure I like the scheduling

/ continued on page 27

'SUPERCOP' GETS 14-YEAR TERM

MONTREAL, QUEBEC

SUPERIOR COURT JUSTICE Gerald Ryan laid it down hard: "The brutal fact is that

during the perpetration of his crimes, Henri Marchessault was the supreme authority in the Montreal Urban Community police in charge of curbing the traffic in drugs."

Therefore, Justice Ryan rightly stuck Marchessault not with the two-year prison term asked for by the defense, nor with the 10 years recommended by the prosecution. The earth would have to make its journey round the sun 14 times before the former chief narcotics officer of Montreal could consider his slate clean.

The investigating authorities had him cold on seven counts of drug dealing and possession with intent to deal some 17½ pounds of hashish and 6½ ounces of coke. So this previously well-respected 45-year-old cop was lucky in a way—lucky he was being allowed to serve his sentences concurrently and not consecutively. The total number of years he was handed on all counts amounted to 73 (two terms of 14 years; two of 12 and three of 7). Since he'll be serving them all simultane-

ously, Marchessault will be eligible for parole in four and a half years instead of 24.

He was nonetheless literally stunned when the sentence was read; he collapsed in the dock, cracking his head loudly against the wall behind him. His lawyer, Gabriel LaPointe, told the press later that all this was quite unexpected—"like nothing Henri Marchessault ever imagined"—and promised to file an immediate appeal.

Justice Ryan made it clear, at the February sentencing, that he might have been more lenient if the convicted man had been "a drug user who traffics with the intent to cater to his own need for drugs"; but since "the accused's only motive was greed," and because Marchessault had managed to build a local media image as some sort of "supercop," he felt it was fitting to throw the book at him.

NARC-TO-NARC DEAL BROKERS DISMISSED

POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA

POMPANO BEACH UNDERCOVER narcotics officer Doug Cable had a kilogram of uncult cocaine for sale, but no buyers for it, until a couple of local people told him about some guys in Fort Lauderdale who were swimming in cash and desperate for dope. Since Cable's block of pure was going for just \$22,000—\$10K per pound—these local guys talked the Fort Lauderdale buyers into bidding \$52,000 for it, and then set up a meet between Cable and the buyers in a Pompano hideaway.

Luckily, the two Fort Lauderdale narcs posing as the buyers in this drugs accommodation thought to check out the local "police intelligence" pool before strapping on their guns and going to meet with these murderous desperadoes. Thus they learned, right on the eve of the transaction, that the main desperado there would be Doug Cable, a police officer. So they sensibly decided to call off the scam.

The Florida state prosecutor handling this setup, though, ordered them to go ahead with the deal, so as to establish a case against the two go-betweens for conspiracy to stand around while police officers traded police money for police cocaine. So everyone met at the Pompano Beach hideout after all, and dope and money and guns and badges were flourished around, and the go-betweens went up on charges.

"When the government permits itself to become enmeshed in criminal activity," droned cur-

cuit judge Stanton Kaplan of Broward County, "from beginning to end, the same underlying objections which render entrapment objectionable to American criminal justice are operative." Kaplan pitched the whole case out once and for ever. "The government was simply buying cocaine from itself through them, and then charging them with the crime."

SMOKE-INS, PROTESTS, POT CONFERENCES, ETC.

The following schedule of events was compiled from information provided by the New York Yippies and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). An updated version of this list will appear each month in Highwitness News. Inquiries about specific events should be directed to the Yips, NORML or local sponsoring organizations. The Yips can be reached at Smoke-in Central, (212) 533-5028, NORML's Washington number is (202) 331-7363. If you are working on an event that should be added to this schedule, please send the relevant information, at least three months in advance, to: News Dept., HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

High Noon Smoke-in (Yippies), Lincoln Park, Chicago (local number: [312] 235-7914).	June 9
Lobbying for Freedom conference on marijuana and other civil-liberties issues (NORML), Wash., D.C.	June 10
Rainbow Gathering for World Peace (Yippies), near Mt. Shasta, Calif.	July 1-7
Rock Against Reagan (Yippies), Lincoln Memorial grounds, Wash., D.C.	July 3
Ronald Reagan Memorial Smoke-in (Yippies), Lafayette Park, Wash., D.C.	July 4
Rock Against Reagan (Yippies), state capitol grounds, Denver.	July 8
Democratic convention smoke-in: July 14, Golden Gate Park (Yippies); various other unscheduled protests, San Francisco.	July 14-20
Regional marijuana reform conference (NORML), Portland, Oreg.	July 28-29
Protest Myopic Majority's War on Everything (Yippies), coinciding with Republican convention, Dallas.	Aug. 20-23

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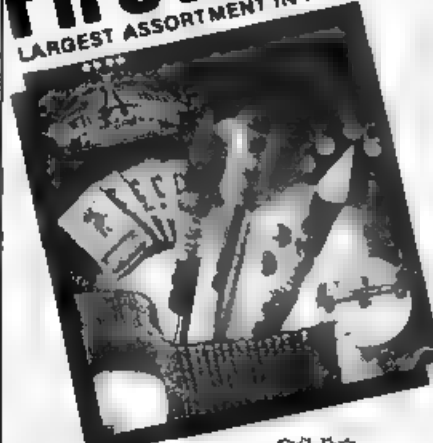
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'EMIT' TEST IS NOT PROOF OF DRUG USE IN PRISON

B O S T O N , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

THE ENTIRE EMIT-ST DRUG-URINALYSIS system has been ruled insufficient to prove "use" or "possession" of drugs in legal proceedings within Massachusetts prisons. The EMIT-st urinalysis line, which looks through human urine for end-product traces of marijuana, cocaine, opiates and several other "abuse"-type drugs, was found forensically invalid—even by jail-quality rules of evidence—by Superior Court Associate Justice Hillel Zobel. Ruling on a class-action lawsuit brought by inmate plaintiffs against the administrators at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Norfolk, Judge Zobel additionally indicated that any employers who might be sued in his court over compulsory use of the EMIT on their employees would lose the case.

The judge emphasized in his ruling (in *Kane v. Fair*) that the EMIT system could be of great value in prisons to tentatively identify drug users, and as "reasonable cause" for further investigation and counseling. However, EMIT results, all by themselves, aren't sufficient to impose disciplinary penalties such as solitary isolation, loss of good time toward early parole or transfer to tighter security facilities.

"To permit a man to be found guilty of a serious offense on the basis of evidence from a machine," Zobel writes, "when the manufacturer itself concedes the device requires outside confirmation, would, in my judgment, deny the inmate the admittedly diminished due process [in prison] guaranteed him by the federal Constitution."

How Piss Tests Don't Work

After several Norfolk MCI prisoners had been convicted, by EMIT urinalysis results, of "possession or use of unauthorized controlled substances" in early 1983, several of them enlisted a lawyer and sued the prison administrators for an injunction against the use of the tests as forensic, guilt-determining devices. Judge Zobel granted an immediate Temporary Restraining Order against any use of the tests at all while he deliberated this question. "Is EMIT a scientifically reliable device for determining the presence of specific chemicals in a urine sample under specified conditions?"

The brand name "EMIT" stands for "enzyme-multiplied-immunoassay-technique," the analytical method used by all the drug-urinalysis systems marketed by Syva Company of Palo Alto, California. After review-



ing the scientific principles on which the EMIT system is based, Judge Zobel examined affidavits from two Syva Company representatives, from Dr. Naresh Jain, a Los Angeles medical professor, and from Norfolk prison officials.

Having given "minimal credit" to the affidavits of a Syva market manager and the company's own technical director, he addressed Dr. Jain's statements as to the numerous shortcomings of the EMIT system—principal among them being that while negative EMIT results could confirm the absence of drug traces in urine, positive results could not reliably prove their presence. Simply put, when the EMIT "sees" something in urine, there's no way of telling for certain exactly which substance that may be, out of all the millions of possible organic compounds that may occur, from time to time, in any individual's urine.

"A positive EMIT result is never conclusive," Judge Zobel affirmed. Moreover, he saw no indication that the "EMIT has been generally accepted by toxicologists and/or pathologists as producing a reliable result," all on its own. Thus, the EMIT system fails to meet the requirements of *Frye v. U.S.*, which since 1923 has barred the use of novel, controversial forensic gimmicks—like the polygraph—from courtrooms throughout America.

To date, the only scientists in the field of drug analysis who have testified to the forensic probity of the EMIT in court have been Dr. Monroe Wall and Dr. Robert Willette—who largely developed the EMIT system under government contract, and have been fruitfully employed as "consultants" by private corporations and public agencies (such as the Defense Department) which use the EMIT. Neither one is a board-certified forensic toxicologist, however; and several such certified forensic experts, like Dr. Arthur McBay of the North Carolina state medical examiner's office, and Thomas Rejent of the Buffalo toxicologist's staff, have utterly repudiated the courtroom use of the EMIT.

The evidence presented by the Norfolk prison administrators—the self-interested claims of the EMIT's own merchandisers—did not impress the judge. "EMIT is an accepted, reliable screening device, capable of presumptively detecting drugs," he acknowledged. "It can, unaided, establish probable cause to believe that the donor of the urine sample has ingested drugs. But they have not sufficiently established that an unconfirmed EMIT result is admissible to prove ingestion." (Emphasis in original.) Even in prison disciplinary proceedings, the burden of proof is on the prosecution, that is.

Proper Uses of Piss Tests

"Were the present matter an indictment, or even a civil action," Zobel stated, "discussion could cease." EMIT results would never

*Even in prison:
"Unsubstantiated
EMIT results cannot
properly come into
evidence before a
disciplinary board."*

qualify for inclusion in criminal proceedings under the federal rules of evidence. And if a private corporation were to subject its employees or job applicants to compulsory EMIT screening, and the victims were to bring a civil suit against the corporation in a Massachusetts court, the corporation would lose as certainly as Norfolk prison lost, Zobel indicated.

In the context of a prison, however, the rules are considerably different. Norfolk superintendent George Voss had described in detail the havoc which attends the dope trade in prisons: cons continually assaulting and murdering each other over control of the dope profits. Voss claimed that the EMIT helped catch and punish cons who did dope: "Inmates rarely contest the test results," he

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deposed, "and the number of inmates who plead guilty to drug charges have [sic] increased dramatically."

Judge Zobel took this factor duly into account. "The fact of incarceration necessarily abridges rights, in the interests of legitimate correctional goals," he noted. "A urine-test program aimed, as this one clearly is, at controlling inmate drug use and the threats which drug use presents to inmate safety (both directly and because of the activities which the drug trade engenders) can meet constitutional standards."

As an example of a constitutionally valid urine-test program, Zobel cited the use of the EMIT in the California state correctional system, under guidelines set down there in 1982. California cons and parolees who pull EMIT positives are confronted with the re-

*"... they have
not sufficiently
established that
an unconfirmed
EMIT result
is admissible to
prove ingestion."*

sults, challenged, counseled and often investigated—but not routinely punished with isolation, loss of good time or reassignment. Administrators there employ the EMIT "as a control tool, which is used more for preventive purposes than for punitive purposes," said the judge.

Zobel also cited the policy of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which expressly states that administrators "shall have each positive urine test validated to substantiate the positive result."

In any case, "Unsubstantiated EMIT results cannot properly come into evidence before a disciplinary board," the judge firmly ruled. Even though in prisons, "the rules of evidence do not apply with the stringency a courtroom would demand," the EMIT is simply inadequate to furnish proof of drug use or possession.

Therefore, Judge Zobel imposed four stipulations on Massachusetts urine-test administrators. Inmates must be afforded "reasonable advance notice" before urine-sample collection, and be allowed reasonable privacy in which to furnish the sample. Before any substantial disciplinary action is taken against anyone who pulls an EMIT positive, the sample must be confirmed by a better method. Finally, while administrators can use unconfirmed EMIT results as the basis for a disciplinary report, they are forbidden to use them for sentencing purposes.

'KINGPINS' FREED

/ continued from page 22

and he released them forthwith.

This at least is the official version of how these two "class-A offenders" disappeared into the canyons of Manhattan—though U.S. Attorney Giuliani was not willing, in the first days after the release, to rule out the possibility of deliberate corruption.

The absence of Escobar and Mera from the federal penal system was discovered the next afternoon when prosecutor Raymond Levites telephoned the jail to make certain unspecified inquiries about Mera. When he learned that Mera was no longer available, he inquired further and learned that Escobar had flown the coop as well.

"A very intensive search and investigation is going on," Giuliani assured the *New York Times* after this unfortunate debacle. His embarrassment could be measured by the \$10,000 reward the government was already offering for information leading to the recapture of the Colombians. "We are very, very upset," Giuliani lamented.

TEXAS JUSTICE

/ continued from page 22

deal." He wasn't about to order an end to these contractual sleaze deals, of course, he just wasn't sure he *liked* them.

Meanwhile, even though David Green hadn't lived up to all the particulars of the agreement, the charges against him were dropped—presumably because Assistant D.A. Brad Beers, who had authored the deal, was satisfied Green had done his best. Oh, he got five people busted all right, but the final tally of cocaine taken in the busts only amounted to about 4.5 ounces—just over a sixth of a full kilo. And the only person in a position to officially have authorized the recommendation of that dismissal was District Attorney Holmes himself—much as he wanted to be remembered as disapproving of it all.

As any narc can testify, however, *most* of modern drug busting is "working your snitches": cutting deals with those dope-dealing slimeballs who manage to get caught, so that they will then sell out their friends and associates. The only unique thing about this Houston case was that the details were all written down in stark black and white; and it turns out the Harris County prosecutors have been doing it that way ever since the mid-'70s—all because they've wanted to keep the deal-making power out of the arbitrary and brutal hands of the cops.

The only trouble with a system like this is: When there is a contract reposing in the D.A.'s files, and an enterprising defense lawyer can expose it at the "discovery" stage of a case, it embarrasses the hell out of everybody.

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TEN YEARS HIGH! THE FORCADE BE WITH YOU

by Bud Bogart

A good deal has been written over the last few years concerning the origins of **HIGH TIMES** and the life of its late founder, Thomas King Forcade. Much of it has been far from the mark, either deifying Tom or vastly underestimating his organizational skills and powers of imagination. As one who knew him and researched his history following his death in 1978, I offer the following as an effort to set at least a portion of the record straight.

Born Thomas Gary Goodson in Berkeley, California—October 1945—he was raised a military brat in places as diverse as Alaska, Mexico and Japan. According to his parents, his teachers and his FBI files, he was an excellent student. His sister recalls that he "read four or five books a day but wasn't bookish." He retained his voracious print appetite until his death, digesting, they say, a hundred books and magazines a week and a dozen newspapers a day.

Forcade's father, Gary Goodson, had been a local football hero in Phoenix, Arizona, and he eventually retired from the Army Corps of Engineers to settle the family there and start a profitable construction business. The family was well connected in conservative political circles, one of Tom's uncles was a close associate of Barry Goldwater, Sr., and was mentioned prominently in his book, *Conscience of a Conservative*.

Tom graduated from Utah State University in 1968 with degrees in business administration and English. He then entered the U.S. Air Force, winning the highest grades on record in its qualifying exams, but within 18 months he "changed his mind" and left the service. The circumstances of his discharge remain vague, but Tom later recalled, "I convinced them I was crazy."

During the next few years he involved himself heavily and advanced rapidly in the world of radical politics and the underground press. To divorce himself from the conservative reputation that came with his family name he adopted that of his maternal grandfather's, Forcade. The family had pronounced it to rhyme with "arcade," but Tom adjusted it to sound like "facade," an allusion that few of his acquaintances missed.

Sometimes, though, he would employ the original pronunciation—an indication of his schizoid nature.

In Phoenix he became "maximum leader" of a collective that, under his guidance, published the *Phoenix Orpheus*, a tabloid anthology of material selected from the plethora of underground papers that had sprung up all over the country. The first issue was transformed into a collector's item when Forcade shot bullet holes through the bound bundles so people could buy a paper with an honest-to-God bullet hole in it. The novelty worked, the issues sold out quickly. This was the first of many publishing gimmicks he would employ throughout his career.

He soon journeyed to New York City where he met John Wilcock, a veteran of numerous offbeat, underground publishing ventures. Together they founded the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), which was at first little more than an acronym.

During several meetings of publishers and workers in the underground press—in San Francisco, Boulder and Ann Arbor during 1970 and 1971—Forcade emerged as a leader. He quickly established a network of almost 200 member publications, and arranged a deal with Bell and Howell: UPS would send them two copies of each publication so they could microfilm them and sell them to libraries and historical societies. The deal brought in money—not a lot, but enough to run UPS and send out checks for about a hundred dollars a year to member publications. For many of these papers, it was the only money they ever received, a fact that would endear Forcade to legions of underground journalists.

Tom also actively engaged himself in the Yippie movement. With his love of guerrilla theater and media shock tactics it was a natural preserve for him. But he quickly fell out with the reigning hierarchy—Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and their followers—and formed his own splinter party, the Zippies.

The Zippies, mainly Forcade and a handful of dedicated, hardcore followers, denounced the Rubin/Hoffman nexus as "dinosaurs" and "sellouts," and Tom ferreted

/ continued on page 93

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian Gold and red Colombian Hawaiian buds	art-art	oz	90-100
	likewise	lb	750-850
		oz	125
		lb	1,000-1,200
Mexican tops	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
	passable	lb	2800-3600
	usually available	oz	75-85
	impotent	lb	500-700
Homemade "cake" hash		gm	.5
Afghan hash	flat black	oz	260
		gm	15
Kashmir hash	reddish	lb	3250
	rocket fuel	gm	25
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	375
		oz	200
LSD	blots from California	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	130-.80
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	pawn in army	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	rebel rumble distribution difficult	lb	75-110
Colombian hash	difficult	oz	5-10
	forgettable	lb	50-100
		oz	8-25
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	100-225
		oz	150-200
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash		oz	60-120
Black Afghan hash		kilo	1200-2200
Pakistani hash		oz	100-135
Cocaine	ditto	oz	100-150
	brak market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian Red and gold Colombian Sierra buds	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
		lb	60-100
	surprisingly, not that much	oz	15-25
	passable	lb	200
		oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
		oz	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

ITALY

African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tan Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2

Moroccan 00 Black Afghan hash	superb	gm	5
	hard, but stony	gm	5
	heavenly, aromatic	gm	12
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistering rocks	gm	60'

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
	long-stem	lb	200
Oaxacan	beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown	oz	25
	sativa	lb	250
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	20
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	175
	much fake, pass it on	lb	15
Cocaine	much pharma-ceutical, okay	gm	150
		oz	30-50
Methaqualone		ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki	champion	oz	175
Pot, African	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletin			
Redwing, Minn.	brownish Mex., dry but potent	oz	65
Denver	top-notch took cowboy fuel	% oz	350
Phoenix	homegrown desert weed, bright green	oz	175
Los Angeles	phony sopors, nobody notices	ea	6
Minneapolis	superfly blow	gm	100
New York City	Colombian Gold, rare and precious	lb	790
Boston	black Paki horse apples	oz	265
Baltimore	acid blots, disco dosage	ea	3
Sangre de Cristo mts., N.M.	ultra-dose, high-altitude killer	lb	2250
Shelton, Conn.	Thai weed, married tan buds	oz	150
Marin Co., Calif.	supreme shrooms, fine cubensis	lb	1000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	off-season prices prevail	oz	180-300
		lb	1,800-3,000
Commercial Mexican Top-grade Mexican Jamaican	tidal wave ebbing plentiful	oz	55-70
		lb	600-900
		oz	100-150
		lb	900-1,500
Jamaican sinsemilla	negligible supply	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian	some supersativas, sticky though	lb	650-850
Primo Colombian	drought goes on	oz	120-150
Thai sticks	equally unavailable	lb	1100-1500
		oz	60-90
		lb	600-800
Loose Thai	West Coast only	one	85
		oz	900
Hawaiian	season opens	oz	10-25
		lb	180-225
Lebanese hash	somewhat disappointing year here but in lesser volume	oz	150-200
	ebony blocks	lb	235-300
Black Afghan hash		oz	2700-3200
Paki hash	black spheres	oz	110-140
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	lb	900-1100
Peyote	hard to find	oz	175-200
LSD	Egyptian eye basic	one	1850-2200
	Mickey Mouse	oz	250-300
Cocaine	prices dropping	lb	2200-3000
		gm	175
		oz	1,800
Methaqualone	mixed phonies, mostly Valium	one	3-5
	on the comeback trail	oz	150-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	250-350
		ea	1600-2500
Meth-amphetamine		10-0	3-7
		gm	200-400
		oz	120-160

Alaska

Commercial Colombian Domestic sinsemilla	nada	oz	50-65
Mexican weed	'tis the season	lb	550-650
		% oz	50
		oz	200
Mainland sinsemilla	most available	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	immigrant flow	lb	500-600
	tamberland	oz	225-300
Lebanese hash		lb	2000-2750
	big mover	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	gm	10
	blots	oz	130-200
LSD		one	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
Methaqualone	bootlickers	one	5
		100	350-500
		oz	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikuku wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	250-275
		lb	2500-2700
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	225-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	2400-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	one	2-4
		oz	150
Ampheta munes	over the counter from S.A.	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

CHARGES

Solvent-sniffing can cause death by asphyxiation or suffocation, and can impair judgment and produce irrational, reckless behavior. Abnormalities have occurred in liver and kidney functions. Bone-marrow damage has occurred. Chromosome damage and blood abnormalities have been reported. Solvents have been cited as a cause of gastritis, hepatitis, jaundice and peptic ulcers. Chronic users have developed slow-healing ulcers around the mouth and nose, loss of appetite, weight loss and nutritional disorders. Irreversible brain damage has been reported.

NATURE AND USE

Inhalation of volatile substances in order to get high or to change consciousness goes back a long way. The classical Oracle at Delphi, in Greece, may have uttered her prophecies after inhaling gases that issued from the stones behind her throne (only the oracular priests could understand and interpret her incoherent comments). By the 19th century, such anesthetics as nitrous oxide and chloroform were sniffed recreationally, and ether-sniffing parties were common among students and physicians.¹

The current round of inhaling volatile substances began after World War II with model-airplane glue-sniffing, and expanded with American technology as it developed a wide range of hydrocarbon-based products, such as fast-drying glues and cements, paints, lacquers, varnishes, thinners, paint removers and many aerosol-propelled products.

These substances are usually inhaled and are reported to give their users a feeling of well-being, reduced inhibitions and mood elevation. In general the effects are similar to those caused by alcohol and the other sedative hypnotic drugs. At higher doses, users report effects similar to those found with nitrous oxide, laughing and giddiness, feelings of floating, dizziness, time and space distortions. Some of those substances are reported to produce hallucinations and psychedelic effects.²

Most users of these sub-

VOLATILE HYDROCARBONS

AKA: Solvents and gases including: toluene (plastic cement, airplane glue, lacquer thinner); xylene and acetone (fingernail-polish remover, model cement); gasoline; benzene (rubber cement, cleaning fluid, tube repair kits); naphtha (lighter fluid); hexane (plastic cement); carbon tetrachloride (spot remover, dry cleaner); dichloroethylene and trichloroethylene (degreaser, dry cleaner, refrigerant, liquid paper); trichloromonofluoromethane and dichlorodifluoromethane (aerosols and refrigerants).¹

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

stances are very young and have a low degree of drug sophistication. Usually, they will sample whatever sniffable substance is in vogue at the time, but only once or twice, and then they'll stop using it. Even chronic users usually "mature out" of the practice by their late teens.

Inhaling can be done either alone or in a group, although the delinquent nature of the high precludes much communication or interaction. The high usually lasts from five minutes to about an hour.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

The immediate negative effects are like those of being very, very drunk: mental confusion, physical clumsiness, emotional confusion and inability to think clearly are common. Outward early symptoms include dizziness, slurred speech, staggering and drowsiness. Many of the injuries involved in use of these substances result from reckless, irrational behavior and lack of good judgment. People intoxicated on inhalants are quite apt to have accidents and injure themselves or those around them. Driving or any use of machinery in this condition is very dangerous.

Many deaths attributed to solvent inhalation are caused

by suffocation (when users pass out with the plastic bags still glued to their noses and mouths), but there is also a very real danger of death from acute solvent poisoning or aerosol inhalation. The mere provision of adequate ventilation and the avoidance of sticking one's head in a plastic bag are by no means sufficient safeguards against these dangers.

Brain, liver, kidney and bone-marrow damage in some users have been attributed to solvent-sniffing and may result from hypersensitivity to these substances or chronic, heavy exposure to them. At high doses, inhalants can cause rapid loss of control and consciousness, as well as potential overdose leading to irreversible damage of brain and body tissue or death from respiratory arrest.³

Other hazards include the possibility of freezing the larynx or other parts of the airway (particularly when refrigerants are inhaled) and potential spasms as these areas defrost. Blockage of the lung membrane, through which oxygen is absorbed into the lungs, can occur. Death may also result from the ingestion of toxic ingredients along with the aerosol substance.⁴ This possibility is made more likely by the fact that commercial products not produced for human con-

sumption are not required to list their ingredients on the label.

Individual inhalants may have their own acute toxic reactions. These include gastric pain, headaches, drowsiness, irritability, nausea, mucous-membrane irritation, confusion, tremors, nerve paralysis, optic nerve damage, vomiting, lead poisoning, anemia and so on.

The inhaling of aerosol fluorocarbons can cause "sudden-sniffing death" (SSD), wherein the heart is hyper-sensitized to the body hormone epinephrine, leading to a very erratic heart-beat, increased pulse rate and cardiac arrest.⁵

Tolerance and physical dependence have occurred among some chronic users. Withdrawal symptoms have included hallucinations, headaches, chills, delirium tremens, stomach cramps. Alcohol and barbiturates may augment the adverse effects of high doses, and of withdrawal (when alcohol or other drugs are used to mediate withdrawal).

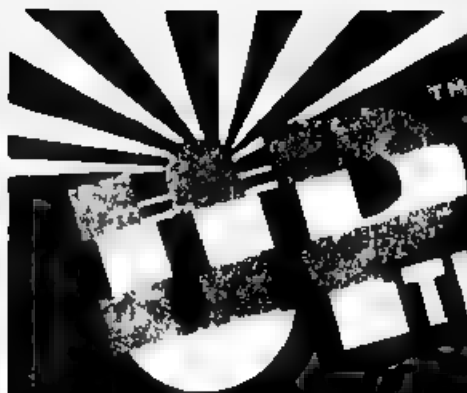
FIRST-AID PLUS

Acute reactions should be watched, and the sniffer should be prevented from self-harm. Bed rest and reassurance should be used rather than drugs or physical restraints. If the case is beyond that of mere acute intoxication, or if there is evidence of systemic poisoning, the sniffer should be taken to an emergency room or poison-control center for further treatment.

Detoxification from chronic use should be monitored, and withdrawal symptoms dealt with by a drug-treatment program. The chronic user should be carefully informed of the dangers courted when one sniffs gases and inhalants.

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DEAN LATIMER

To celebrate our Tenth Anniversary we present a candid conversation with our own Executive Almighty Editor. Respected by some as the world's foremost dope journalist, reviled by others as the scribbling left arm of Satan, Dean Latimer, we find, talks almost as good as he writes.
by the Editors

Veteran readers of this magazine will recognize Dean Latimer as a venerable scribe of investigative humor and ironic diatribe. He is also *HIGH TIMES*' most tenured employee. Hired originally by the late, legendary Tom Forcade himself, the magazine's charismatic founder—an historical figure for whom Latimer still harbors highly ambivalent feelings—he has contributed to every single issue.

Dean is our foremost authority on: drugs and health, drugs and politics, drugs and history, and drugs. He is also well-schooled in the literature of Samuel Beckett, the epidemiology of the great plagues and the fundamental mythologies of bigotry and self-righteousness. He draws on a background of knowledge as impressive in its range and depth as it is in its need for detailed, independent corroboration.

Uncle Dean is a unique personage—in this century at least. An insatiable consumer of documents, belles lettres and pulp of every description, he lives to write and writes to live. He's also an idiosyncratic recluse: While maintaining intimate contact with most of the world (his subject) by telephone and the mails, he prefers to live and work in rooms without windows and seldom rambles more than a few blocks from his mid-Manhattan cubicle. This mild agora-

phobia—and certain other elements of his uncompromising lifestyle—limit his intercourse with New York "society," but Harvard dons and nationally revered scientists eagerly, if gingerly, answer his calls. Other "figures"—aspiring bureaucrats in the antidrug establishment and minor demagogues enjoying temporary celebrity—quake at the mere mention of his name.

Our Executive Almighty Editor (the title of *Sordid Affairs* Editor was permanently retired when Dean was promoted from that position last year) has had a dose of formal education. He was bounced out of Potsdam College in upstate New York way back in the 1960s—after an exam-week crisis, involving a special young lady, left him with an "0.0" cumulative grade point average. That didn't prevent Stanford University from awarding him its prestigious Wallace Stegner Fellowship a few years later. The scholarship had previously gone to the likes of Ken Kesey and Robert Stone, but Californication didn't hold Latimer's attention for long. He lasted the year before rejecting the artistry of fiction writing and returning to New York to ply the trade of creative journalism in its dark canyons. And that's what he's been doing ever since—mostly, we're proud to say, for this

publication.

Dean's a primary resource and anchor of stability at *HIGH TIMES*—and not only because he keeps churning out volumes of elegantly irreverent prose. He arrives at the office whenever the fancy strikes him, and has even been known to make his appearance during business hours. On such rare occasions, his invariably jovial "G'day, g'day, g'day" is heard rippling through the halls, prompting a chorus of *How-ya-doin'-Deans* from every work area. Without fail he replies, "Fit 'n' well, fit 'n' well," and we go about our business—confident once again that Dean is in his office, and all's right with the world.

HIGH TIMES: Dean, how did you get started as a dope journalist?

DEAN LATIMER: Well, Ma jumped on Pa... That's a hell of a thing to ask a person.

Seriously, the first time I got a job on a New York magazine was in 1967, on the *East Village Other*. It was a condition of employment that you had to smoke pot. I had never smoked pot before. Oh, in college somebody gave me a joint once, and I carried it around for two or three days puffing a little now and then, and wishing I was high. But I never really smoked pot before I

started working at the *East Village Other*. There was pot all over the place.

Every few nights there would be these big, heavy rap sessions in the back of the office: politics, mysticism, art, dope dealing, real heavy stuff. It was just a little railroad storefront on the Lower East Side, across from Tompkins Square Park, with this gloomy, evil, roach-ridden back room, piled with stacks of back issues, a chain-pull toilet, psychedelic art posters—all kinds of groovy hippie stuff. And all these very interesting people would gather back in there, every few nights, and rap and smoke marijuana. In particular, there was this Wall Street banker—honest-to-God banker he was—who wore a black three-piece suit, derby and umbrella and all that. This guy always had these cellophane-wrapped packs of Kools, with the little red tape and all. He'd open them up, pull out a Kool with a little manila filter, they even had 'Kool' printed on them—and they were *marijuana*. One-gram cigarettes of marijuana.

HIGH TIMES: What year was this?

LATIMER: It was real early in 1967. He got it straight in from 'Nam, by the carton. The little old ladies in the Mekong Delta rolled those buggers up by hand, stuck on the filters, wrapped 'em in Kool packs in cellophane...

But I couldn't get high off them for about the first month, until one day when I was walking home from one of these sessions... I was absolutely convinced by this time that marijuana was a total shuck. Everything they said about marijuana was lies: everybody lied. The people who said it killed you were lying. The people who said it got you high, they were also lying. Everybody was lying. So, one night on the way home from work I dropped into a pizza joint on MacDougal Street. And, oh, I had two slices of pizza over the next five hours. The best pizza I ever ate, then to now.

In no time at all I got into acid and hash and speed, and I was shooting crystal crank within a couple of months.

I got into dope and dope writing at the same time. And *that's* how one becomes a dope writer, ideally.

HIGH TIMES: Were you doing Owsley's acid?

LATIMER: No, pure Sandoz. One of Tim Leary's European groupies really dug me, and he laid a bag with about 300 tabs of it on me. Pure Sandoz LSD-25. And me and a girl did them

"I hate to make the DEA the whipping boy all the time, but they really are a bunch of scum."

up within a month.

HIGH TIMES: How old were you?

LATIMER: Twenty-one, just barely.

HIGH TIMES: And you and this girl did up 300 doses of Sandoz acid in a month?

LATIMER: Well, her and me and all our friends.

HIGH TIMES: Did doing all that acid have anything to do with the fact that you virtually stopped taking drugs about one year later—excluding alcohol and the occasional bit of opium, of course?

LATIMER: No. The reason I stopped was because I got older.

I never got that much *pleasure* out of doing drugs. I learned a hell of a lot. I had a great time, a whole lot of fun. But really, there's just so much drugs can teach you, and I learned it. Then I was no longer that interested, after that.

HIGH TIMES: And the so-called recreational effects of marijuana—you've never cared for those?

LATIMER: Yeah, basically, I'm a fucking Puritan myself. I was brought up on a dirt farm. I'm a Presbyterian and I don't just go in for *pleasure*.

HIGH TIMES: But you still drink though?

LATIMER: I drink scotch. Dewars. I recommend it highly. And I'm not being paid by Dewars to say that.

HIGH TIMES: What does alcohol do for you?

LATIMER: It helps me order things in my head. I use it to brood, I use it to think. Now, Dewars isn't the best scotch in the world. I mean, it's good scotch, but Glenfiddich is the best. And there's this wonderful Japanese scotch.

HIGH TIMES: Don't you sometimes want to let down your hair, and get

really fucked up and—

LATIMER: Oh, I do that every now and then. I'll do that on booze once every two or three months. Yeah. But I don't do it in the places I hang out in regularly.

HIGH TIMES: Weren't you living in a commune for a while during those early days?

LATIMER: Oh, yes.

HIGH TIMES: Wasn't it a love commune, or something like that?

LATIMER: Definitely, yes.

It was a storefront on East Fifth Street in New York City. But I didn't figure out what was really going on till years later. At the time, I just thought, "Hey, here's this storefront. All these kids are living there. I can live here, they'll feed us, and nobody will ask any questions." Every now and then, of course, somebody'd say, "Hey, I got a whole bunch of dope I want to take across town. Will you take it across town for me? You can keep a little of it."

And so I'd carry all this dope across town. And it didn't occur to me until years later that that storefront was obviously the operation of some real smart narcotics baron who just wanted a house full of mules. But it was *real* nice. We went around naked all the time, stoned all the time; gosh, it was fun.

And nobody ever infringed on anybody else's *thing*. But here's one of the situations that that entailed. There was a great big Saint Bernard dog in that place. Nobody knew who he belonged to. Nobody asked. Well, we were all doing speed. So we were all real skinny. Little teenage boys and girls. We were naked all the time and we were stoned all the time. And there was this horrible stupid dog, which drooled and shit all over the place, but nobody wanted to infringe on the dog's *thing*, or the dog's owner's *thing*. Every now and then, this dog would get horny and fuck somebody up the ass. Little, beautiful sweet hippie girls, or beautiful little boys like me. I was quite beautiful myself. And you'd see the dog fucking somebody up the ass, and go, "Gee, that must be his *thing*, or I guess maybe that's his owner's *thing*."

But we ultimately found out that the owner of that dog had *abandoned* it there, and gone over to a commune in Colorado, months before. The dog just freeloaded like we did. That was what "do your own thing" amounted to.

HIGH TIMES: No one ever resisted this

dog? It had carte blanche to screw anybody any time it got horny?
LATIMER: Well, the dog would only fuck people when they were absolutely paralyzed, when we were on Angel Dust or LSD or something. When we were absolutely paralyzed, that dog would fuck us.

HIGH TIMES: Do we leave this stuff in or what?

HIGH TIMES: Ask him another question and we'll decide later.

HIGH TIMES: Dean, tell us about the time you were married.

LATIMER: I was married in a hippie ceremony under the influence of mescaline on Mount Tamalpais. You don't want to know the rest.

HIGH TIMES: C'mon, keep talking.

LATIMER: About 700 people all tripped that day and we all got married. And it was actually legal, I understood. We signed something, but we were all completely blown away, so I don't think that counts.

HIGH TIMES: Uh-huh. Getting back to your journalism career—How long did you work for *EVO*?

LATIMER: From '67 to '72. I worked for *Screw* magazine from '72 to about '78, but all I did at *Screw* was write the headlines and the cutlines and I set the style. Yeah, and I also wrote about two articles a month. Al Goldstein, the publisher, was paying me seventy-five bucks a week. So I didn't make a mint at *Screw* magazine. But I was free-lancing for *National Lampoon* at the same time and that was what brought in the money.

HIGH TIMES: So how did you go from *Screw* to *HIGH TIMES*?

LATIMER: That was in 1978. Inflation went through the roof that year. The price of milk went up! I had been living poor-but-honest, you know, like a church mouse—a little garret scrivener for years, hand to mouth. Absolutely happy with it, too. But suddenly you couldn't do that anymore. Inflation just got to the point where I lost every fucking thing I ever owned. A series of savage evictions, and I was living on the street, literally. What the hell, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three, on the street?

So I decided I needed a job. I knew Tom Forcade, who ran *HIGH TIMES*, since 1967. So Tom gave me a job. And here I am.

HIGH TIMES: What was the atmosphere like at *HIGH TIMES* during those early days?

LATIMER: All I knew, *HIGH TIMES* was

"I was brought up on a dirt farm. I'm a Presbyterian and I don't just go in for pleasure."

supposed to be a parody, a one-shot. Honest to God, Uncle Sam. I really never did know Forcade was a weed dealer till after '78, which was the time I went on staff here. Up till then I was free-lancing. I thought he was just a guy who had a lot of penny-ante publishing scams running. And this was one of his scams, in 1974, to do this one-shot parody of *Playboy*, except that the centerfold, instead of a naked girl, would be a marijuana plant, or a lump of cocaine or something.

HIGH TIMES: It's been said that Forcade was a paradox of greed and radicality. What did you think of him?

LATIMER: Those were only two elements in the whole paradox. He was an honest radical, sure. He was a thief. He was a magnificent person. I never could stand him, of course. He always scared the hell out of me. But now that he's dead, I can say he was a great guy.

HIGH TIMES: As a drug writer, do you ever begin to fear exhausting the subject?

LATIMER: No. No way, ever.

HIGH TIMES: Don't you ever begin to feel like you're repeating yourself, going over this ground again?

LATIMER: Oh, God, yes. Oh, Jesus, yes. Doing the "Seven Marijuana Myths" every two years is getting to be a real grind, you know? It's like, "No, it doesn't rot your brain. No, it doesn't collect in the brain. No, it's nothing like tobacco in the lungs; you don't smoke enough of it to have that effect." On and on and on. Does that get boring?

HIGH TIMES: It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it.

LATIMER: Yeah, right. Nobody is gonna do it except us. When I talk to

eminent educators and anthropologists and psychologists and toxicologists... I mean, these are wonderful people. These are really good people, the people who talk to me, and they all say, "Yeah, I'll talk to you off the record." They all love saying, off the record, "No, there's nothing wrong with marijuana. You know, it's absolutely the most benign, innocuous drug for the high it gives you of any intoxicant in the world."

And they love saying that—it's like unloading for them—but none of them would ever dare say it in public because they would be crucified. These are the top people in their fields, and they'd all be crucified by grubby, opportunistic scum in their fields, if they ever said that on the record, for print. Not only would they be crucified, but all their grad students would lose all their research grants. I mean, it really is a big academic Mafia. All these people know it's absolutely harmless, but nobody will say so out loud.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think is the source of this hypocritical attitude toward marijuana?

LATIMER: It's just plain greed and opportunism. There's a hell of a lot of money in being antidope.

HIGH TIMES: Why isn't there a hell of a lot of money in being honest about dope?

LATIMER: It's basically because the people who do dope aren't political. It's one dependable characteristic—they're not political. They're not gonna do anything.

HIGH TIMES: But look how many Americans spoke pot.

LATIMER: Yeah, but smoking pot doesn't influence a person's vote. Pot-smoking people can be Republican, Democrat, anything. They're not gonna vote for pot. Nobody's gonna vote for pot.

HIGH TIMES: Why?

LATIMER: 'Cause nobody cares that much about it.

HIGH TIMES: Do you still think there is a heavy stigma to smoking pot?

LATIMER: No, there's no social stigma attached to it. Only a legal stigma.

HIGH TIMES: Then why does the government—

LATIMER: Because the government can get away with it. Nobody's gonna stand up to them. I mean, the DEA—I hate to make the DEA the whipping boy all the time, but they really are a bunch of scum. They get away with the most disastrous, lunatic, pernicious

but *useless* psychological warfare tactics—

HIGH TIMES: But doesn't the DEA just *implement* policy?

LATIMER: The people who are really running the government now don't give a shit about pot. I mean, the Reaganauts really *don't* have a drug policy, and they *sure* don't care about pot. It's just James Baker in the White House who runs this parents-group horseshit. What little dope policy they've got, Baker runs. But he doesn't care. He doesn't care about pot, or any other dope, and he doesn't care about the DEA. You see, the DEA enforcing drug laws is like a rogue elephant. Nobody cares about dope, so nobody cares about the DEA. Especially not the White House, where they have *real* worries.

HIGH TIMES: You mean these antidrug parents groups that Nancy Reagan has been championing are not on the up and up?

LATIMER: Listen, a friend of mine, Perry Eizenson, runs a group called Potsmokers Anonymous. About three years ago she tried to get her group into the National Federation of Parents for Drug Free Youth in Washington, and she asked them for a mailing list of all the parents groups across the country, and all the individuals supporting them. She was out to get contributions to Potsmokers Anonymous, and they're as antidrug as anybody alive, believe me. But the National Federation hasn't got a list! They talk about their 3,600 "parents groups" around the country, and it's all bullshit. They *maybe* got 3,600 separate individuals that will do volunteer propaganda for them. But that's it. Absolutely no constituency.

But these people really know how to terrorize senators, congressmen and bureaucrats. They're very, very good. The parents groups are just one very effective part of the right-wing renaissance. Dope PAC is just like NICPAC. HIGH TIMES: And since 1981, these parents-group organizers have dictated the administration's drug policies, by and large.

LATIMER: Sure. And you'll notice, there really *isn't* any federal drug policy. I mean, the fucking Reagan administration has been the best thing that ever happened to the narcotics industry. Never before have so many people in America made so much money out of so much dope, because the Reaganauts don't do *shit* except

"The Reagan administration has been the best thing that ever happened to the narcotics industry."

posture. That's all they do is *posture*. They appropriated tons and tons of Reagan war-on-drugs money to the FBI to fight dope in 1982, and that money just sits there. It's not being spent. I love following the story of the Reagan war-on-drugs *money* in the *New York Times*.

Two years ago, in 1982, the Reaganauts knew they had to put some kind of leash on this rogue elephant, the DEA, so they made it a subsidiary of the FBI. After that, whenever Congress appropriated drug-enforcement money, the money went to the FBI; and the FBI has just *sat* on it. So Leslie Maitland Werner at the *New York Times* went to the FBI and asked, "Why aren't you hiring more people? You've got all this money for new narcotics staff, so why aren't you hiring more people?" And a guy in the Justice Department laid *such* a great quote line: "Well, look, a guy comes down for recruitment, and you spend fifteen minutes hiring him, and then you're stuck with him for the next twenty years."

And Leslie Maitland just printed it bald-face, just like that, with no elaboration. What that guy's *talking* about is, you know the kind of *people* that go out for narcotics law enforcement? You spend fifteen minutes hiring the guy and then you're stuck with that *scum* for the next twenty years. And that was the *FBI* talking, Jack!

HIGH TIMES: Over on the other side of the fence, there must be some researchers who have a kind of environmentalist's concern about the human body and who see drugs as a fearful pollutant of the whole mind-body universe.

LATIMER: If they feel about it like that, then they're not scientists. Fuck 'em. Really! If they feel like that, then they're a bunch of superstitious bigots, and they have no business calling themselves scientists.

HIGH TIMES: Okay. But can legitimate and honest-to-goodness scientists come out with conclusions that would lead them to have serious doubts about the efficacy of smoking pot?

LATIMER: Oh, sure. There's absolutely no question that nearly all people would be better off not doing drugs. Does *anybody* have any questions about that? But people always *will* do drugs.

HIGH TIMES: Let's say for a minute you were in some kind of social policy position, what type of drug program would you like to implement?

LATIMER: Well, I have trouble with cocaine. I mean, I have no *personal* trouble with coke. But I've never taken the drug in my life, so I'd have real trouble figuring what to do with it. With marijuana, obviously, the solution would simply be to make it like alcohol. Just regulate the *hell* out of it. Sell it in liquor stores to adults only, and tax the *pants* off anybody who's involved in the racket, and have the government keep the money. It would mean *incredible* revenues.

HIGH TIMES: How about heroin?

LATIMER: Heroin maintenance. You give heroin away through a few urban clinics, but only to junkies who can prove that they're junkies. And it'd be pretty gross to prove you were a junkie, because you'd have to go into withdrawals any time the clinic administrators hit you up with a surprise "challenge dose" of naloxone.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think this would increase the addict population?

LATIMER: Absolutely not. There are only so many people that do get addicted. I mean, there are about thirty to forty million occasional heroin users. That means people who do it once a month, and who never get *strung out* on it. But there are only about 350 to 550,000 addicts in this country at any given time: never any more, never any less, no matter what the cops or treatment people do. So those people are *always* gonna be addicts. So, give them heroin. That way they don't rip people off.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you think drugs are such an effective scapegoat for the political demagogues?

LATIMER: It really is an old story. People are always scared of something

that they can't do anything about. The economy is all fucked up, and everybody's always scared of the Russians. Everybody's scared of World War III. Everybody's scared of pesticides, herbicides, food additives, all this crap. So you can roll all those fears into a ball and project it on *drugs*. Used to be, they'd project it on "niggers." But they can't do that anymore, so they have to project it all on drugs nowadays, that's all. And the secret of it is that nobody cares about drugs.

People who do drugs don't care that much about them. People that don't do drugs not only don't care about them, they don't know about them. So you can do anything you want to. That's the secret of drug scapegoating. **HIGH TIMES:** Is there any difference between working the drug-beat today as opposed to ten years ago?

LATIMER: The level of hypocrisy today is just wonderful. Absolutely stunning. One month William Pollin, the head of NIDA, censors a whole bunch of 1970s drug literature. He sends a circular around to every library in the country ordering librarians to take this literature out of their stacks. And *purge* it. Purge it forever. The next month, those assholes at NIDA will blacklist two of the most well-tenured professors in the psychiatric departments of Yale and Harvard. Blacklist them from a public meeting. I mean, that's wonderful. Chairman Mao used to call it "heightening the contradictions." The assholes heighten them to a certain level and it all comes tumbling down. That's what these fuckers are doing.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you think the straight media is so reluctant to expose this hypocrisy?

LATIMER: Again, because nobody cares about drugs. From about '67 to '78, drugs were quite fashionable—you know, trendy, *chic*. It was something that "smart people" did. Smart people includes journalists, y'know. But in 1978, when the paraquat panic hit, it became very unchic to smoke pot.

HIGH TIMES: But what about their obligations as journalists? Take the DEA Labcam sting operation. Why didn't the straight media go after that story? It didn't involve pot at all. Were they afraid of being seen as being "soft on drugs"?

LATIMER: Sure. Because it's *unfashionable* to be soft on drugs. Right now it's *fashionable* to be hard on drugs. It's

"Drugs were quite fashionable, but in 1978 they became very unchic."

just popular hysteria and the madness of crowds.

But that DEA sting business is just a beautiful example of what happens because nobody cares about dope. There's a bill in Congress right now, the Omnibus Crime Package, that the Reaganauts are pushing through.

Part of this package has a provision for the Drug Enforcement Administration to set up what they call "Proprietary Companies"—phony companies to sting people. These companies will have no congressional oversight. Congress won't know what these companies are, because, of course, they're gonna want to sting some congressmen. Congress won't know how much money they're giving to these companies. The DEA can ask for all the money it wants for these companies, and it doesn't have to account for a dollar of it to Congress.

And the icing on the cake is that none of the DEA agents personally involved in this operation will ever be liable to embezzlement laws. They can rip off all the money they want, and twenty years from now, if they get caught, they won't even go to jail for it. **HIGH TIMES:** Now, you're saying that the reason why the straight media didn't go after this incredible story is because it's just unfashionable?

LATIMER: In this case they don't have to. When **HIGH TIMES** exposed this DEA lab sting, we pretty much put the whole project right in the shit can. It's not very likely that Congress is going to pass this part of the crime bill. They might have just passed that legislation without even thinking about it, until Bob LaBrasca and I wrote it up and showed exactly what happens when

you let narcs run sting outfits like that.

And that's what that whole sting operation was. It was four years of applied effort by the DEA to set up a context for this legislation. When this legislation went to Congress for approval they were going to suddenly reveal this beautiful "Operation Optimal": how successful it had been, and all the arrests they had made through it, and all the dope they kept off the streets.

But LaBrasca and I showed that it was all a crock of shit, before anybody ever even heard about it. So that legislation's never gonna get passed, but nobody's ever gonna hear about it. It happens all the time in dope journalism, that you'll uncover shit like that and nobody ever hears about it, except people who read **HIGH TIMES**.

HIGH TIMES: Was that your most satisfying moment as an investigative journalist?

LATIMER: No.

HIGH TIMES: Well, then, what was?

LATIMER: It hasn't come yet. Well, maybe it was when Carlton Turner, the Reagan White House special adviser on drugs, took credit for the paraquat program last fall, and gee, Carlton and I were old pals years ago in the drug paraphernalia racket. And I was able to prove that with documents even he didn't know existed.

HIGH TIMES: And you were able to bring out that Turner was actually selling his paraquat testing kit in 1978?

LATIMER: Yeah, Turner has a patent on a real good paraquat test kit. If that White House paraquat program had caught fire like they wanted it to, good old Carlton Turner would be a millionaire right now. Instead of a miserable crook, which is what he is.

You see, investigative journalism really *isn't* sitting in an underground parking lot talking to Deep Throat. Investigative journalism is going through fucking records, is going through sixty pages of a federal indictment to find one line in there that shows that the whole fucking thing is a lie. That's investigative journalism.

HIGH TIMES: Why have you chosen to remain working for **HIGH TIMES**, when you could write your own ticket in straight journalism?

LATIMER: Well, it's a chance to say something and do something in publishing. Something damn good. Do something the way it should be done. Do it right, do it good. And that's the way I work. And it's a privilege. □

CHATEAU DU SKUNK WEED

"Amusing but not impertinent." So say the guzzlers of marijuana wine. Plus, it tastes real good and you don't have to worry about looking like a dumbo when you're asked what food it goes with. It goes with everything.

Dear Ed,

I found your interview with the Unknown Brewer (*HIGH TIMES*, Oct. '83) very informative. I expect that wine will be next, although it should have been first because it's so much easier to do. Having long enjoyed wine and smoke and their mellow effects together, pot wine seemed a natural. I can attest that an ounce of top Colombian in a gallon of wine equals a righteous joint's worth of high for each three-ounce serving.

For a first crude attempt, a jug could be prepared as simply as stuffing a bunch of washed leaves into a gallon-bottle of fresh cider, along with four ounces of sugar, and leaving it in a warm place to ferment [add champagne yeast to pasteurized cider.—Ed]. Actually, I suggest visiting a wine hobby shop: a recipe book and all the ingredients for many batches can be had for under ten dollars. It still can be as easy as I described, and without having batches that go down the drain.

One of the ingredients that home wine makers use is Campden tablets, or potassium metabisulfite. These, called the "wine-makers' aspirin," are used to sterilize the must (or wort) prior to the introduction of the yeast, to ensure sterile conditions. The tablets produce sulfur-dioxide gas, which bubbles out of the must in twenty-four hours, killing anything alive as it does. I assume that it leaves completely in twenty-four hours because it could kill the wine yeast which is added then and it doesn't.

I was thinking of using it as a sterilizing agent for "kloring" processes using flotation. Most of the plastic containers won't take high-temp sterilizing, and bleach

seems to stay toxic longer. The stuff also seems to be a natural for any soil or non-soil mixtures, or anything else, for that matter. A solution of Campden tablets lasts about four months. It smells like rotten eggs. The tablets are available at all wine and hobby shops. Have you or any of your readers used it for these purposes?

—Jim

Simsbury, Conn.

A recipe for marijuana wine has already been printed! It appeared in *Stone Age* magazine, *HIGH TIMES'* short-lived sister publication. In an article appropriately entitled "Marijuana Wine," by Dr. Budrick Flint, there was a step-by-step how-to for a citrus-cannabis wine. Here is an adaption and condensation of his recipe:

- (1) Thoroughly wash and rinse a wide-mouthed one-gallon glass or plastic container and lid.
- (2) Squeeze the juice from two or more oranges and a lemon. Pour the juice into the jug. Frozen juice is okay to use.
- (3) Add two to three pounds of sugar or honey to a pot containing two quarts of boiling water. The less sugar and honey used, the dryer the wine will be. After the sweetener is dissolved in the water, add the mixture to the fermenting container and let the liquid cool. (Corn sugar is the best sugar to use, it makes an exceptionally clear wine.)
- (4) When the liquid has cooled to near room temperature, add a package of yeast. Champagne yeast (available at wine and hobby shops) is best to use, but other kinds will work in a pinch.



Bud of the Month: Outdoor bud submitted by No Name, northern New York.

- (5) Cover the jar loosely with the lid and let it sit in a warm, dark place such as a closet. Place it on several sheets of newspaper to catch any liquid that bubbles over.
- (6) Ten days after starting the wine mix, take four ounces to one pound of marijuana, depending on the strength of the weed and the desired strength of the wine, and place them in a container. For convenience, use a net bag made from nylon, available at wine hobby shops. The net acts like a giant teabag. Fill the container with water and then dunk the bag. Let the bag sit in the water for a few minutes and then rinse. Throw the water away. It contains only pigments and water-soluble compounds, not THC. Refill the container and let the bag sit in it for a few hours, then



Plant of the Month: This plant is six weeks old and is grown with two metal halides in an 8' x 10" room in a trailer. Some indica and jamaican. From John of Kentucky.

rinse the grass again and squeeze out the water.

(7) Add the grass to the wine mix. Several minutes after the grass is placed in the container, fill the jar to the one-gallon mark.

(8) After the mix is brewing for about two weeks, the active fermentation will start to slow down because the sugars are nearly used up.

(9) Transfer the brew from the primary fermenter (the jar) to the secondary fermenter (a one-gallon jug). Squeeze the liquid from the leaf and add that, but discard the leaf. Then put an airlock on the jug top (airlocks are available at wine hobby shops) so that no air can get into the jug and contaminate the wine with bacteria which would turn it into vinegar.

(10) The wine will be ready to drink in about four to six weeks. At that time it could also be bottled in fifths and corked. It will mellow and ripen in about three months. Each time that you siphon the wine, make sure to treat the container gently so that the sediment on the bottom remains undisturbed. Siphon only the relatively clear liquid.

One hint: Prepare the pot for soaking in the solution by first soaking it overnight in water and rinsing it. The chlorophyll and many of the pigments will dissolve in the water, leaving a subtler marijuana taste. The water can be discarded. The THC will remain on the grass.

I have not used potassium bisulfite for sterilization but perhaps someone has experience using it as a sterilizing agent for propagation. Anyone care to comment?

Dear Ed,

Have you ever heard of using the Pill? Do you think it would eliminate the problem of having to pull the males? Ha-ha!

—J&L
Wisc.

J&L also sent me an article clipped from the *Weekly News World*, August 16, 1983, p. 17, headlined, WACKY POTION GROWS HIS VEGETABLES LIKE CRAZY. The article describes gardener Albert Agnor's, of Marshall, Texas, prescription for stimulating fast-growing vegetables with bountiful harvests; Mr. Agnor uses birth-control pills on his garden. "I put a little of the stuff on when my tomatoes were in bud and they matured faster than usual. The tomatoes they produced were just delicious, with an unusual flavor that kept you coming back for more."

"All of my neighbors commented on my garden and wanted to know what my secret was. They'd never seen such enormous tomatoes and they'd never seen plants so loaded down with fruit."

I called Mr. Agnor and he said that he had been using the pills for two seasons. He treated the plants twice, once when they were set in the ground and a second time when they started to bloom. He diluted two pills in three gallons of

/ continued on page 70

Ed welcomes questions, answers, comments and tips regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Correspondents and photographers whose material is used will receive a free copy of Marijuana Growers Guide, deluxe edition.

Your garden, plant or bud can become the Grow American Garden, Plant or Bud of the Month. Send entries to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.



Garden of the Month: Indoor garden submitted by B.J.



SATIVA TAKES TITLE: INDICA ON THE ROPES

It was a punishing battle, but our Connoisseur is confident of a unanimous decision. Consequently, he's chosen to lift his ban on indica and let the people decide.

BY "R"

It's time for the Connoisseur to go on the offensive. The time has come to turn the tide, win the battle for the hearts and minds of the American grass smoker and save America from the insidious influx of *indica*. Victory is within our grasp.

For many long bleak months it seemed like a hopeless quixotic cause. All over America the sweet seductive indica variety of cannabis was inexorably supplanting sativa in the stashes of even the most sophisticated smoker. It was strong. It tasted like grass, it smelled like grass, it looked like beautiful green-gold-purple buds of the finest sinsemilla. Yet in one important respect it was a fraud. *Cannabis indica* gets you knocked out, fucked up, paralyzed, wasted, blitzed, ripped. It does not, however, do one crucial thing: It does not get you high. Not like *Cannabis sativa*, the grass Americans began smoking in the '60s and '70s.

It was *Cannabis sativa* that was responsible for the revolution in culture and consciousness that changed America. *Cannabis sativa* was an herb of wakefulness, of enlightenment, of alertness—an upbeat, outgoing, communal, sensual, activist high. JFK smoked *Cannabis sativa* (supplied by his mistress Mary Meyer) in the White House. Bob Marley smoked *Cannabis sativa*, and through it articulated the spiritual-political awakening that is reggae. The leaders of the antiwar movement smoked *Cannabis sativa*, and John Lennon and the Beatles were turned on to it by Bob Dylan. It was *Cannabis sativa* that inspired the idealistic dreams and visions, the subversive joys of the New America.

But in the late '70s something began

to subvert the very essence of the communal sacrament: *Cannabis indica*. 'Ghani. Hash plant. Skunk. There was not, I believe, a sinister plot behind the change. It was a combination of convenience, greed and genuine innocence. Sinsemilla growers, primarily in California, began experimenting by growing grass from Afghani seed strains. They offered the advantages of a shorter growing season, a product with a powerful odor (thus the nickname "skunk" weed) that was a valuable selling tool. The buds grown from these seeds were genuinely beautiful works of psycho-agronomical art. They caught on fast. So fast that no one took the time to evaluate just what the buds were doing to those who smoked them.

For centuries these Afghani seeds were used to grow plants that were converted into Afghani hash. Now, if you've ever had Afghani hash, you know it is stunningly strong, paralytic and soporific. It places one in a state of suspended animation, immobilizes the mind in a thick aspic of hypnotic stasis.

It is not an activist drug. It is, in fact, a powerful downer, practically a barbiturate kind of high. And so, all over America, people were buying this beautiful-looking grass with the perfect buds. They were taking it home and expecting to get high. They'd light it up, inhale, they'd experience something very strong, very powerful; they'd think they'd got their money's worth. Their friends would be impressed at how strong their dope was. But they wouldn't really get high. They'd get sedated.

Maybe that's what the spirit of the times called for. Wasn't it back in '76 that the Ramones came out with the Punk

anthem "I Wanna Be Sedated"? Maybe there was a place for it—the world was filled with horror and anxiety, there had been two decades of turbulent, breathtaking change. Maybe some people wanted to veg out. Who can blame them.

And, in fact, if indica had been sold as *Cannabis sedativa* and people knew they were buying an expensive downer—who could object?

The problem was that indica was being sold as grass, as a high. And that people under the influence of indica—knocked out, wasted, paralyzed—were too stupefied to know or to care that they were no longer getting a sativa high. They were too deep in the grip of the indica low.

It was a horrible situation. Imagine if someone had discovered that all the tobacco cigarettes in America were being impregnated with doses of Thorazine, the powerful "liquid straitjacket" used to calm down psychotics? What if all the cigarette smokers were, in effect, being dosed by a mind-control drug which they nevertheless liked?

It would be a terrible, shocking scandal; the whole country would be outraged at the secret drugging of a large portion of its population. But there would be a lot of psychologically addicted smokers who would protest, who wouldn't want to be awakened from their groggy state. Nor would the tobacco growers responsible want to admit what was going on, because their economic state in the continuity of the process was so great.

Unfortunately, a similar condition exists in the grass-growing industry. Most growers and dealers have too much of a financial stake in the status

quo to want it disturbed. And most smokers are too stupefied by the seductive powers of "indica" to recognize what's happened to what was once a high.

And so, when I first began to write about this subject I was alone, a minority of one. Reviled, ridiculed, attacked even by some of my colleagues at HIGH TIMES who should have known better. For a while I felt like the guy in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, who watches as his friends and family are one by one turned into zombied vegetables by insidious pods from outer space. When he tries to protest, nobody believes him and by then it's too late since they've all become enmeshed in the spell of the alien vegetables. Actually, *Body Snatchers* is a precise allegory of what's happening to the minds of America's potsmokers right now. They're being usurped and paralyzed by an insidious pod, and for many of them it's too late to realize what's happened.

So when I spoke out and wrote a cover story for HIGH TIMES six months ago, calling for a freeze on the growing of indica so America could clear its head and get some perspective on the problem, I thought things were pretty hopeless. That I was too late, that everyone had already succumbed.

But then, to my delight, I discovered I had allies, that I wasn't alone. First there were some secondhand reports. One of the top-notch Northern California sinsemilla growers, a legend in his own mind at least, passed the word that "R" 's got something there." It turns out he only smoked his own indica *after* nightfall when he was heading for sleep, because it was so soporific. When he wanted to get turned on, as opposed to turned off, he smoked sativa.

Then I talked to a longtime political activist who was involved with community organizing around antinuclear issues. He said that he'd noticed a definite change in the consciousness of his grass-growing friends after they'd gotten deeply into indica. "They'd just tune out on the world after a while. They couldn't get bothered anymore about any kind of injustice. It was like a psychic cocoon for them."

Even Ed Rosenthal, the Grand Guru of grass-growing technology, after bad-mouthing "R" all over the country for months, has conceded, in a recent HIGH TIMES interview, that there is a definite psychic difference between indica and sativa. That indica is not merely stronger, it's a *different* high. And finally, there were the letters. From all over the

country letters have poured into HIGH TIMES in response to my call for a freeze on indica.

Of course there were the predictable insults and attacks. But there was also some gratifying support.

"R" 's 'Indica Madness' argument was the greatest," writes an Atlanta group calling themselves "CPAs and Lawyers for Sativa." "It has changed my life and several other people's... We're mad as hell and we won't take it any more."

"I'm really grateful for your campaign. Keep up the good work," encourages C. Levy from Address withheld. "It was very profound and accurate."

Then there were the letters from growers and dealers that went beyond mere praise for "R" 's well-known courage and perspicacity. These people were taking action to turn the tide against indica.

"I'd like to let 'R' know that there are people like me who have stopped growing it altogether, out of fear of accidentally contaminating the gene pool of the sativa strain," one anonymous grower reports. "Indica worship has gotten out of hand and it's about time someone addressed the issue. Thank you, 'R,' once again."

And then there are some genuine activists. "I'm going to help you in your crusade against indica by letting the potsmoking public of Florida know that they're not getting high, just stupid," writes B. from Florida. "I may not be as influential as you, but I do know a handful of dealers and they are already complying by searching for different bud—so you are not alone."

Not alone. I knew my readers, the majority of them would come through. I knew I could count on them to be sophisticated and sensitive enough to the importance of this issue to join me in this crusade to save America from being stupefied by the indica invasion. The *Cannabis sativa* counterrevolution has begun. And I think our side is going to win.

There remains the question of tactics. I have great respect and admiration for the brave and dedicated grass growers of America. I never believed they turned to indica out of any sinister or greedy motives (well, not most of them). Part of it was the pressure they were under from police-state pot-prohibition tactics, the harassment by the authorities, the rip-offs by petty criminals, the danger and anxiety they have to go through to supply America's smokers. I sympathize with their position. I don't think they should be penalized in the coming roll-

back of indica that the pro-sativa forces have begun.

Perhaps calling for a freeze on indica, a total boycott, was too radical an action on my part. But I felt I needed some dramatic initiative to call attention to the problem before it was too late and everyone was too insensible to wake up and protest. But now that I've got the nation's attention on this issue, now that it's the hot number-one controversial topic of discussion wherever growers, smokers and dealers gather, I'm prepared to consider subtler tactics.

I think this should be a grass-roots revolution. It's got to begin from the bottom up. It's got to begin with the individual-ounce-buying consumer demanding that his dealer supply him with sativa as well as indica. I think the battle would be over in a matter of months if every time an ounce buyer was tempted to buy some expensive indica he had the chance to buy some sativa too. It wouldn't have to be sine. Some Jamaican for instance, some Oaxacan (forget Colombian, it's so pitiful and moldy these days it would drive anyone to indica), maybe some Belize Breeze, some good Arkansas kick-ass domestic sativa.

Let them take both kinds home. Compare them over the course of a week or two. See the difference between being turned on and being turned off. Check out the difference in several settings, particularly romantic ones (there's no denying it, sativa is sexier).

Then, what will happen, is that ounce-buying consumers will start demanding more sativa from their dealers. Dealers will start demanding more sativa from their suppliers. Suppliers will start demanding more sativa from the growers. Sativas will bring better prices because they're in more demand. The economic appeal of indica will fade when the consumers become more sophisticated, able to distinguish the crude cosmetic appeal of indica from the subtle cerebral delights of sativa. Growers will begin devoting the same intense dedication to coming up with exciting new sativa seed strains as they have to indica. It will be a gradual revolution from below that will save America from the indolent paralysis of indica and return sativa to its rightful place in our hearts and minds.

And so I think the call for a boycott, an all-out ban on indica is no longer necessary. I hereby suspend it. Let the forces of an enlightened free market work their will. I'm confident the truth will set us free. □

^H **MARIJUANA AND HEALTH**

Tenth Report
to the U.S. Congress
from the Secretary of
Health and Human Services
1984

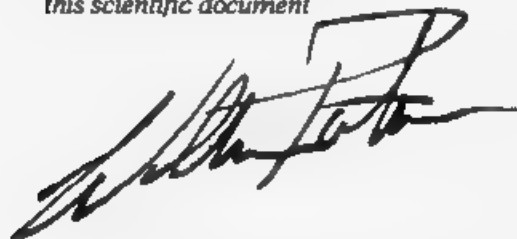
*I don't know Mommy,
seems OK to me -
Ron*

*D-
TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE,
SEND THIS BACK FOR AN
ENTIRE REWRITE. AS IT
IS, IT MIGHT AS WELL
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY
THAT DEAD LATINUS
AT HIGH TIMES -
NANCY*



The chairman of the National Institute of Self-Abuse, Dr. William Potlin, bears notice with this signature that no single syllable in this document is his sole responsibility. All utterances on this controversial and dangerous controlled substance are to be attributed to anonymous NISA department heads, researchers, reviewers, editors, kibitzers, hacks and other flunkies. They are most certainly not to be held against Dr. Potlin's excellent record of dedicated public service, the next time an appointment to any less nerve-racking administrative slot within the Department of Health and Human Services falls open.

Dr. Potlin would also like to personally commend the selfless efforts of First Lady Nancy Reagan, and her volunteer disciples in the National Federation of Parents Against Self-Abuse, for their invaluable contributions to this scientific document



What Is Marihuana?

Marihuana is, for all practical purposes, marijuana, except it's spelled with an "h" instead of a "j." This is one of the most important things we have learned over the last six years of scientific research into the dangers of this much-abused drug. When you publish a tract on "marihuana," as opposed to "marijuana," the readers automatically assume that you have a healthy prejudice against the drug; so that you can silently communicate your eagerness to stack up evidence against it—even if the evidence must be fabricated out of whole cloth—without the embarrassing necessity of openly admitting any antiscientific bias.

As scientists, we have not yet determined exactly how this helpful thing occurs. "Marihuana" has always been the way the police spell marijuana, mainly to give it a faintly Spanish flavor, and evoke in the reader's mind the generations of racist, trashy, no-count, low-rider connotations that mainstream Caucasians have always associated with this prohibited drug substance. It has taken considerable courage for us, as scientists, to adopt this pejorative appellation for our own technical literature; and we think we

deserve some commendation for our courage

We have found, to our great relief, that the general public generally approves of this new spelling. As it turns out, not many mainstream Caucasians are aware that the police have been spelling marijuana "marihuana" since the 1930s. To many of these ignorant turkeys, in fact, it looks as though this is the scientific way to spell it, since it's all us respected government Ph.D.'s, with satisfying antimarihuana orientations, who are spelling it this way. Thus a special extra measure of popular credence is given our scientific reports—which, heaven knows, need all the credence they can possibly get—and makes it easier for us to imply that all those 1970s reports, which showed the innocuous nature of this dangerous-drug narcotic, were invalid, just because the authors spelled marihuana "marijuana."

Disturbing new scientific evidence: One distressing development that has occurred in this marihuana/marijuana connection was the publication in 1982 of *An Analysis of Marihuana [sic] Policy*, by the National Academy of Sciences. The authors of this report, after weighing the speculative health hazards of this substance against the proven health hazards of prison incarceration—and after weighing the social depredations of marihuana against the public contempt which the police invariably earn by enforcing the marihuana laws—came out emphatically in favor of nationwide marihuana decriminalization, taxation and regulation. And yet they consistently spelled it marihuana instead of marijuana!

Such pernicious perversions of orthography cannot be too strongly deplored. The employment by honest researchers of this helpful marihuana spelling will only serve to enfeeble the higher moral message which we politically appointed, government-funded researchers are endeavoring to get across: that we will invent, publish and forever after stoutly hold by the most outlandish antiscientific hogwash against marihuana that can possibly be fabricated, just to keep our jobs and maintain our control over government drug-research money.

And that is what marihuana is.

Adverse Health Consequences of Marihuana

The last marihuana report out of the National Institute of Self-Abuse—the

Ninth Report, published in March 1982—encountered a somewhat disappointing reception. It was filled, to be sure, with diligently overstated speculations about the possible health hazards of marihuana, with skillfully distorted misrepresentations of basic research data, and with more than a couple outright lies; in fact, it looked to be a winner, or so we thought, and our hopes were high.

Our expectations were considerably enhanced straightway, too, when Surgeon General C. Everett Koop—a bosom chum of President Reagan and his charming wife over most of this century, whatever his real medical qualifications may be—instantly adopted our Ninth Report as his personal propaganda mine.

Dr. Koop called us in, and together we hashed out seven main health hazards of marihuana, trimmed and planed and beveled to panic the ignorant public. The Surgeon General promptly delivered a lively speech about these seven health hazards, and it was dutifully given magnificent coverage by network television and the wire services—to the considerable enlargement of Koop's stature as a physician, even if the pot speech was all too quickly forgotten, and too many people still think of the Surgeon General as some obscure antabortion quack from Southern California with a pretentious Smith Brothers beard.

And even so, the Ninth Report brought no special emoluments to the National Institute of Self-Abuse. The administration only persisted in refusing to fund drug-abuse research, which they insist is of a "social" nature, and hence undeserving of David Stockman's attention. Even when we tender them something like the Ninth Report, so brilliantly and painstakingly tailored for the purpose of supplying a scientific basis for extended police control over individual behavior, the administration refuses to follow through and supply *real* money for *more* scientific work of this sort.

In fact, because only a skimpy \$68,000 was allotted for NISA's Tenth Marihuana Report, we've decided not to knock ourselves out on it. The report will consist merely of a brief elaboration on each of Dr. Koop's seven marihuana health hazards (which were fed to the man by NISA!), and the specific work on which each was based. Some may find it shocking, but that's too bad. You get what you pay for in the narcotics business.

Impaired Short-Term Memory and Slowed Learning

Right from the first, our skillfulness at presenting temporary, transient drug reactions in a way that makes them sound permanent and chronic ought to be appropriately admired. Research reports ever since the 1930s have remarked on the way marihuana "impairs short-term memory." This is a beautifully pejorative way of stating that human subjects who are observed by scientists while under the influence of the drug typically appear—to the observing scientists, at least—to be unwilling to concentrate for very long at laboratory "tasks" like adding up columns of figures, memorizing lists of nonsense words and so on.

It is unknown yet if anything in marihuana actually does diffuse people's ability to concentrate, thus interfering with their ability to retain data perceived while "stoned" on it. To investigate this phenomenon in a responsible scientific fashion, we scientists would have to administer marihuana to people who have never taken it before. Luckily, federal law stoutly prohibits any such controversial thing, and so we perforce always employ seasoned, well-experienced potheads as our subjects of observation in human experiments.

These experienced smokers all seem to mentally associate marihuana with relaxation and recreation: as a *cue* to abandon interest in boring, absurd tasks like numbers-counting and rote memorization, for as long as they're stoned.

This *cueing*, and not marihuana itself, very probably is the factor behind this reaction we are pleased to call "impaired short-term memory." Indeed, clinical reports abound of people—writers, artists, musicians and other such trash—who say they use the drug *specifically* to concentrate on subtle and complicated mental tasks for extended periods of time. But we are very, very good indeed at suppressing clinical material which does not conduce to a simplistic antimarihuana conclusion.

Look at that reference to "slowed learning," for heaven's sake! If marihuana does impair short-term memory, then certainly any schoolchild who smokes it all the time, hours on end, day in and day out, turning into a robotic burnout vegetable, is certainly going to experience difficulty learning things properly in the classroom. Kids and drugs, kids and drugs. This

brehtaking leap into reflex infantilism should *certainly* have earned NISA a couple extra million in fiscal year 1982. But it didn't.

Impaired Lung Function Similar to That Found in Cigarette Smokers (Indications Are That More Serious Effects May Ensnue Following Extended Use)

Marihuana is 1.5 times more potentially carcinogenic than tobacco. (Wei, Seid, et al., 1978) That is, a gram of marihuana yields, when smoked, 1.5 times as many bioavailable carcinogenic materials as a gram of tobacco. A typical chronic marihuana smoker consumes five marihuana cigarettes per week (Tashkin, 1976). Note that we use the elegantly pejorative term "marihuana cigarette" rather than the vulgar terms "joint" or "reefer," even though marihuana cigarettes are very different from tobacco cigarettes in appearance and in weight. A joint typically weighs between 300 and 500 milligrams—only a third to a half as large as a one-gram tobacco cigarette (Tashkin, op. cit.).

A person smoking five 500-milligram joints per week (2.5 grams per week), then, may actually not be consuming quite so many carcinogenic materials as a person smoking 20 one-gram tobacco cigarettes per day (140 grams per week). Still, as scientists, we *may* legitimately say that this chronic marihuana smoker risks a "lung function" impairment "similar" to that seen in cigarette smokers. This in itself takes considerable courage, and we think recognition for that is long overdue.

The similarity of this pulmonary impairment, happily, is *qualitative*, not *quantitative*. People who expose their lungs regularly to potsmoke—even only five times per week—exhibit the same slight measure of continuous bronchial constriction as people who smoke tobacco cigarettes regularly (Tashkin, op. cit.). Although this constriction is not health threatening, and does not increase if a person increases his smoke intake, and has nothing whatsoever to do with lung cancer or emphysema, you will note that we scientists never *explain* any of that. We are government-sponsored research scientists, not medical doctors in medical practice, and the adverse health consequences of the anxiety we instill in people with propaganda like this

/ continued on page 78

"Marihuana is, for all practical purposes, marijuana, except it's spelled with an 'h' instead of a 'j.' This is one of the most important things we have learned over the last six years of scientific research..."

Trans-High Market Quotations



The Trans-High Market Quotations are intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way are meant as an inducement to illegal activity, nor as an endorsement of any drug or drug usage or trafficking.

The prices listed are the latest available from our stringers around the world. These prices do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as heard on particular (and widely varying) qualities and serial quantities. Should any readers be privy to more concise information, *High Times* welcomes anonymous reports. Prices are given in dollar equivalents.

US prices vary according to region, quality, quantity, market conditions, supply and demand, law enforcement cycle intensity. It has been observed that drug availabilities and prices are approximately similar in nearby cities, so prices are given in groups, although specific prices may vary widely, depending on numerous uncontrollable factors. There are usually lesser availabilities and higher prices in surrounding smaller cities and towns.

NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA-BOSTON BALTIMORE-WASHINGTON, D.C.

Mexican commercial \$15-30/oz. . . \$130-200/lb. depending on quantity . . . Mexican fine gold \$30-50/oz. \$150-400/lb. Jamaican commercial \$25-40/oz. . . 175-275/lb. depending on quantity. Jamaican connoisseur level \$35-50/oz. . . \$200-325/lb. Columbian commercial \$35-50/oz. \$275-475/lb. depending on quantity and quality. Columbian connoisseur \$45-90/lb. \$400-900/lb. . . domestic \$10-25/oz. \$20-125/lb. . . domestic connoisseur \$20-40/oz. . . \$75-400/lb. Vietnamese \$45-oz. \$400/lb. lavender Thai sticks \$100-175-oz. \$700-2500/lb. Brazilian \$35-60/oz. . . \$325-850/lb. . . . other exotic grasses available on occasion, blonde Lebanese \$800-1400/lb. (very fresh) . . ounces vary widely . . . red Lebanese \$700-1300/lb. . . Afghan \$1100-1700/lb. . . hash oil \$10-20/gm. . . \$3000-\$6000/lb. THC powder (pharmaceutical) \$300/gm. . . THC (actually PCP) \$20-100/gm. LSD \$1-50-\$3/hit, with drastic reductions for quantity . . . cocaine \$50-100/gm. \$800/\$1800/oz. . . \$8000-\$20,000/lb. for Columbian, Peruvian \$15,000-20,000/lb. and the nickel and dime bag of scag is still on the streets, along with methadone at \$1-10/hit. Opium, quaaludes occasionally available . . . Mushrooms \$350/lb. Hawaiian grass \$500-2200/lb.

CHICAGO-DETROIT-ANN ARBOR MADISON-MILWAUKEE-COLUMBUS

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City or lower . . . Columbian prices higher and hard to get . . . Jamaican prices higher and available . . . exotic grasses very rare, but prices not much higher than NYC. Hash fairly available but prices somewhat higher. Coke high, but generally available . . . Other drugs available in their own scene, but prices higher than NYC.

ATLANTA-MIAMI-TAMPA GAINESVILLE-NEW ORLEANS-

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City, or slightly lower . . . Columbian prices much lower in quantity and very available . . . Jamaican prices lower but availability more unsteady than Columbian . . . exotic grasses fairly rare . . . hash prices the same or higher but availability erratic . . . coke cheaper in the South, with heroin, LSD and assorted pills about the same as NYC. Mushrooms cheap when available.

KANSAS CITY-LAWRENCE-ST LOUIS OMAHA-OKLAHOMA CITY-

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City . . . Columbian higher and availability unpredictable . . . same on Jamaican . . . hashish higher than New York City and availability irregular . . . connoisseur levels available but scarce and high prices . . . coke available . . . heroin very irregular . . . other drugs available in their own scene, but prices higher than NYC. Domestic grasses available with some excellent domestics in Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa.

SAN FRANCISCO-BERKELEY-LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO-DENVER-BOULDER-

Mexican prices somewhat lower than New York City quotes across the board. Jamaicans and Columbians slightly higher to much higher, occasionally lower in weight. Exotic grasses available in connoisseur circles, with California-grown Columbians a strong corner. Coke similar to NYC . . . a wide variety of other drugs available from hash oil to bogaine to magnesium pemoline (memory drug) at decent prices . . . LSD cheap and readily available . . . some real mesquite . . . mushrooms around . . . peyote buttons \$0.50-\$1.00/button, depending on quantity and condition . . . MDA around at \$25/gm. Hawaiian grass \$500-1000/lb.

AUSTIN-DALLAS-HOUSTON-ALBUQUERQUE TAOS-PHOENIX-TUCSON-EL PASO-

Mexicans commercial from \$20-100/lb. depending on quantity and quality. Mexican top grades scarce but available cheaper than NYC. Columbian and Jamaican very rare and more expensive than NYC . . . coke around and high . . . Mexican heroin around and potent . . . peyote buttons \$0.25-\$1.00/button depending on quantity and condition. Mushrooms very rare . . . opium occasionally available around \$50/gm. . . domestic around but not competitive with commercial Mexican . . . other drugs available in their own scene, including methedrine, . . . at approximately NYC prices.

EUGENE-PORTLAND-SEATTLE BUTTE-CHEYENNE-FARGO-

Mexicans as high or higher than NYC . . . Columbian and Jamaican rare and high. Coke rare and high . . . heroin on Coast and potent . . . hash oil very available in Eugene and Portland . . . some domestic but quality ragged . . . mushrooms around \$75/lb. near Seattle . . . other drugs available in their scene, but scenes are small.

NASHVILLE-MOBILE-CHARLESTON MEMPHIS-RALEIGH

Mexican, Jamaican and Columbians similar or cheaper than NYC across the board. MDA available . . . coke around and about the same as NYC. LSD rare . . . exotic grasses hard to get.

MISCELLANEOUS

Meuili and Kauai grasses are excellent buys in all parts of Hawaii, as is homegrown Matanuska Valley grass in Alaska. Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands are surprisingly short on grass and other drugs, while Guam has plentiful Thai dynamite.

Trans-High Market Quotations

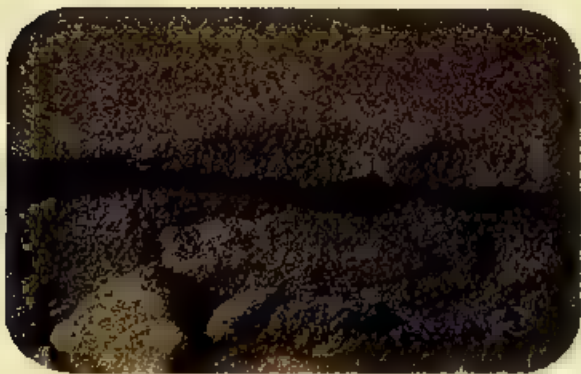
Ten years ago HIGH TIMES ran these first Trans-High Market Quotations. Read 'em and weep.

AMSTERDAM—	Congo ese black grass (excellent) \$100/oz . . . brown Moroccan hashish (fair) \$400/lb . . . brick red Lebanese (good) \$500/lb. . . . Sandoz THC (white powder) \$200/oz . . . LSD (excellent blue tabs) \$2/apiece cocaine \$50/gm. (when obtainable)
ATHENS—	Turkish dark hash (superior) \$350 lb. —\$10/oz . . . Afghani chocolate hash (rich and intoxicating) \$125/lb. Pak. hash (good) \$60/lb.
BANGKOK—	Lowland grass (still fine) \$25/lb . . . lavender Thai (carefully manicured) \$50/lb.—\$1/stick . . . Burmese Shan opium (a gift from God) \$65/lb
BEIRUT—	Brick red Lebanese (hard and good) \$2/oz.—\$25/lb. . . hard Lebanese blond \$1 50/oz \$20/lz. . . . hard green Lebanese \$1 50/oz —\$20/lb. . . dark red (waxy) Lebanese (excellent) \$30/lb
BOGOTA (COLOMBIA)	Lowland bushy (greenish brown tops) \$25/lb mountain grown mote \$50/lb Santa Marta red \$40/lb. Ch'ba (black) \$35/lb. . . Cocaine—80% pure rock \$1500/lb. . . mother-of-pearl (outrageous high) \$3000/lb. . . Quaaludes \$80/1000
BOMBAY	Bombay black hashish (opiated jungle treat) \$1/oz —\$10/lb. dhageshewari hashish (brown balls) \$20/lb black tar opium (excellent) \$1/oz
CAPETOWN (SOUTH AFRICA)—	Home-grown veldt special grass (excellent) \$200/lb \$30 Congolese black grass (potent) \$50/oz—\$400/lb . . . assorted Lebanese hashish \$900—1000/lb. Moroccan hash (fair) \$750/lb
CHRISTCHURCH (N.Z.)—	Thai grass (incredible) \$200/lb —\$25/oz lavender Thai (Asian knockout) \$350/lb. Nepalese Hash temple balls (unopiated) \$800/lb. . . LSD (unobtainable)
HONG KONG—	Vietnamese grass \$50/oz —\$500/lb . . . opium \$4/oz —\$50/lb. . . brown heroin (pure) \$750/lb
ISTANBUL—	Opium (good and dreamy) \$100/lb. . . Turkish heroin (French refined) \$1000/lb. . . Turkish hash (brown and tasty) \$40/lb.
KABUL, (AFGHANISTAN)—	Mazar Sharif Afghani primo \$50/kilo—\$2/oz good Afghani \$35/kilo—\$1/oz pharmaceutical cocaine \$1000/oz
KATMANDU (NEPAL)—	Chinese opium (consistent and fine) \$4/oz —\$40/lb Nepalese finger hash (excellent) \$2/oz.—\$15-20/lb Nepalese valley grass \$3/stick (approx oz.) (very good)
KINGSTON (JAMAICA)—	Genja (excellent) \$40/lb Lembsbread (unreal) \$60/lb bush \$20-30/lb. St Anne's \$40/lb.
LIMA, (PERU)	Peruvian pink flake cocaine (beautiful) \$2000/lb yellow rock cocaine (fine mountain goody) \$1500/lb. . brown cocaine (good) \$1500/lb. . green Brazilian grass (an Amazon delight) \$40/lb
LONDON—	Moroccan hashish (dark and fair) \$500/lb \$40/oz. . . LSD (Czech blotter—very clear) \$5/hit African black grass (trippy) \$125/oz . . Afghani primo \$60/oz . . cocaine (stepped on) \$100/gm. . . Mandrax (methaqualone) \$ 50 apiece.
MADRID—	Moroccan brown hashish (fresh) \$40/oz . Moroccan gold kif \$25/oz.
MARRAKECH—	High mountains hash (with seal) \$100/kilo . . . kif (all flowers) \$35/lz—\$5/oz . . . market kif (common but still potent) \$25/lb. . . super hashish (a goody treat for kings) \$50/lb.
MAZATLAN (MEXICO)—	First cut Guadalupe green (good) \$20/lb. . second cut \$15/lb . Oaxacan buds (Mazatec mountain grown) \$25/lb. . . Yucatan gold (delightful) \$35/lb. Acapulco gold (another disappointing crop) \$20/lb. Mazatlan brown gold (excellent) \$40/oz. . Guatemalan green (gentle but unflagging) \$40/lb Quaaludes \$ 10/apiece . . Mexican brown heroin (pure) \$3000/lb . opium (brown powder) \$50/oz Columbian rock cocaine \$4000/lb. Oaxacan magic mushrooms (psilocybin packed) \$55/lb
MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA)—	Outback Joey grass (surprisingly good) \$75/lb —\$10/oz Vietnamese (Mekong meuler) \$125/lb Nepalese hash \$750/lb. LSD \$10/hit (rare).
MONTREAL—	Moroccan hashish (sheets) \$500/lb Lebanese blond hash (in cylinders) \$600/lb . . Mexican grass (midding) \$250/lb. commercial Colombian (nice head) \$500/lb. . . LSD (blue domes) \$75/hundred
MOSCOW—	Tashkent hashish (uninspired but capable) \$500/lb. . Siberian albino grass is grayish specialty from the land of tigers and Ekiles) \$400/lb . . Czech blotter acid \$10/apiece . . sugarcube LSD \$7 50 . . Nepalese hashish (opiated) \$400/lb
NAIROBI, (KENYA)—	Congolese black grass (excellent and fresh) \$150/lb.—\$25/oz . . Kenya bush grass \$50/lb. . savannah specialty grass \$55/lb. Yohimbine root (a stimulant) \$1/oz.
PARIS—	Moroccan hash (an Algerian specialty: pale and weak) \$400/lb. \$40/oz . methamphetamine \$20/oz. Pakistani green (crumbly, as in Stockholm—fair) \$35/oz
RAWALPINDI, (PAKISTAN)—	Green hash bricks \$10/lb dark green hash (superior) \$50/lb bhang (a cannabis drink) \$.02 a glass.
SAIGON—	Central highlands grass (quality declining) \$10/lb. . . highlands grass (excellent) \$20/lb. . . Laotian import grass (excellent) \$20/lb pure heroin \$20/lb Mekong valley grass \$15/lb Burmese opium (the 24 hr. a puff stuff) \$75/lb.
STOCKHOLM—	Moroccan kif (fair) \$425/lb . black Afghani primo \$60/oz. green Paki hashish (crumbly) \$40/lz.
TEL AVIV—	Blond Lebanese (fresh) \$40/lb.—\$5/oz. . red Lebanese hash (the border scene is grim) \$50/lb. . . LSD (Italian) \$2/hit.
VANCOUVER—	Mexican (good) \$200/lb. \$30/oz Colombian (top quality) \$500/lb. \$60/oz Moroccan hash \$750/lb.—\$60/oz. . green Paki (still crumbling even in Canada) \$600/lb. . \$50/oz. . cocaine (stepped on lightly) \$75/gm. . Mexican magic mushrooms (locally grown—very good) \$100/lb —\$10/oz.
VIENNA—	Afghani (fair) \$500/lb.—\$60/oz. . . LSD \$3/hit (excellent)

Tasty Tr



Thal, sticks.
March, 1974



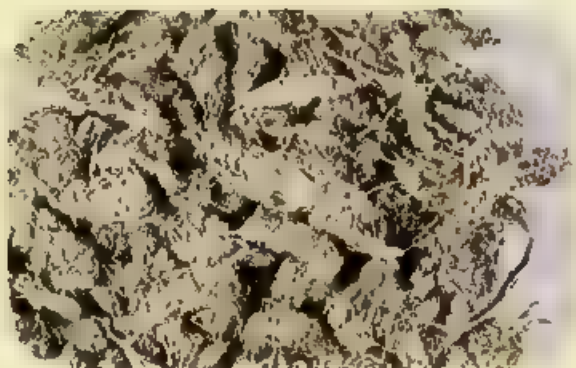
Moroccan hashish.
April, 1972



Jamaican, coll.
April, 1972



Colombian, small gold colitas buds.
The original chiba-chiba. April, 1972



Colombian, sinsemilla, red.
March, 1974

Buy American is a slogan we heartily endorse. However, these fine imports are savored by collectors as rare examples of horticultural expertise.

Ten years ago this month, **HIGH TIMES** ran its first dope pictorial. As you can see, the layout may have been primitive but our heads were in the right place.

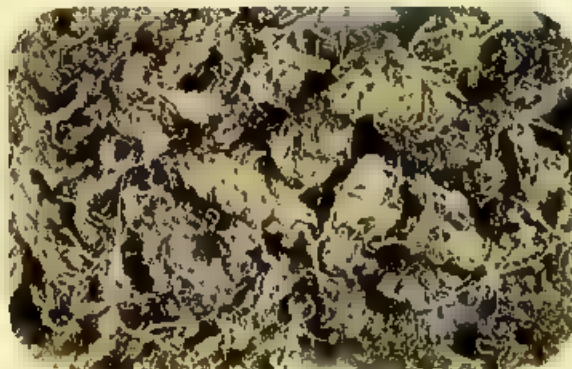
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Lebanese Hashish, blonde.
July, 1974



**Nepalese hashish, hand-rubbed
fingers and balls.** March, 1974



Colombian, gold.
March, 1974

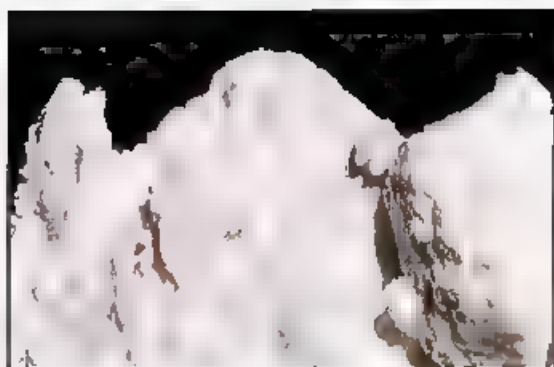


Mexican, colas (tops).
April, 1972

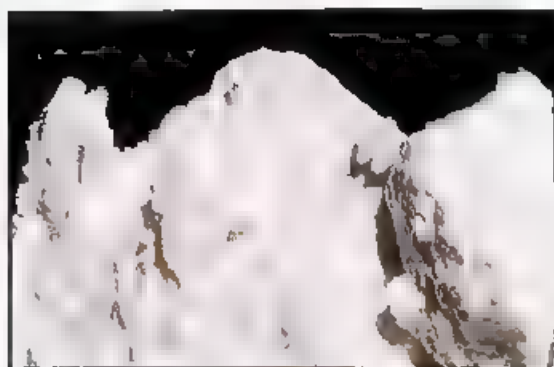


Colombian, wacky weed
(came in triangle cheese tin). July, 1974

Collected and photographed by Brother Artemus for his forthcoming book, *The Compleat Book of Cannabis*. Photographs copyright ©1974 by Brother Artemus.



PERUVIAN PINK-EYE: Used to grease the nose of the meatball who runs the door at Club New Wave Punk Disco Rock Studio 18¾.



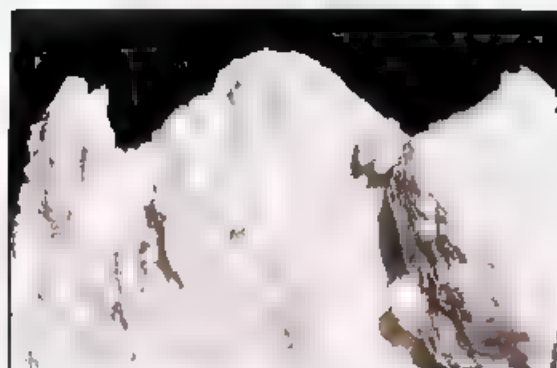
BOGOTÁ BURNOUT: Induces the chief engineer of the recording studio to keep the spools running for a spell of free after-hours taping in Manhattan, Muscle Shoals and Nashville.



TITICACA DANDRUFF OF THE GODS: Employed in glamorous, intimate singles taverns to obviate the necessity for any clumsy come-on chatter beyond, "You like coke?" "Yeah." "Let's fuck." "Okay."

AND TODAY...

Costly P



ATAHUALPA'S SNOT DETERGENT: Used by narcs everywhere to coax their confidential informants to give them the real inside dirt on nefarious pot dealers.



MANAUS GRINGO DUST: Keeps the linebacker battling through the offense to bloodily sack the quarterback—hours and days after the game's over, even.

Amie Washout, M.D., LL.D.

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 Alternative Contraception
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Mark Platinum, Ph.D.

Amie Washout, M.D., LL.D., MCVL, B.S.

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Type of Anesthesia	Diagnostic Tests	Therapeutic Advances	TOTAL (whichever)
General	Systemic Desensitization	Electroshock - \$120 Intervertebral - \$119 Omnitrax - \$179 Neel Varmont and Irrigation - \$127.95 Benzylalcohol Tracer - \$12	Custom-Strain needles Sens. Lin. too pumps Physician Referral Transfusions - \$10.24
Local			TOTAL

Refunds at Hospital only

2. pawn tickets. Refunds at gunpoint only

ABLE, BILLION-
Periodically
week and
ing

LET THEM EAT FERTILIZER

Like all other living things, plants are what they eat. If you want big, strong, healthy plants that'll make you proud when you see them and high when you smoke them—you gotta feed 'em right.

© Copyright 1984 by Kayo and adapted from The Sinsemilla Technique

For every ounce of matter produced by growing plants—roots, stems, leaves, flowers and seeds—an ounce of nutrients will have been processed. These nutrients are inorganic minerals and compounds which plants synthesize into organic plant tissue.

In nature, plants are generally able to take enough nutrients from the environment to survive and produce seeds. Under cultivation, however, nutrient-rich substances are invested by the cultivator to increase productivity. These substances we call "fertilizer."

As any home gardener knows, proper application of fertilizer to growing plants requires a "green thumb" sensitivity. For example, one must develop a basic understanding of the tomato plant's needs to get a good crop of homegrown tomatoes. But when plants are under intensive cultivation, as is the case with sinsemilla cannabis, the job requires even more skill.

Intensive cultivation practices subject plants to environmental extremes. For instance, cannabis plants are often situated in areas where the sun is strong, and therefore they must be watered frequently, which in turn leaches nutrients from the soil. Plants, like people, need a well-balanced diet to stay healthy. Healthy plants can ward off insect pests, withstand inclement weather and survive neglect. To maintain the maximum rate of growth and productivity, cultivators must replenish lost nutrients by frequent applications of fertilizer. The more often fertilizers are applied, the more is sensitivity needed in applying them—

to make sure things stay balanced.

ESSENTIAL NUTRIENTS

At this time there are 16 chemical elements known to be essential to plant growth. Three of these elements—oxygen, carbon and hydrogen—are processed from air and water through photosynthesis.

The remaining 13 nutrients are made available through the decomposition of organic matter in the soil. For this reason they are sometimes called "soil nutrients." Soil nutrients are classified by the amount needed to sustain the metabolism of growing plants. Nutrients required in the greatest amounts are called "macronutrients." This category is further divided into "primary macronutrients" and "secondary macronutrients." Nutrients required in the least amounts are called "micronutrients" or "trace elements." All 16 nutrients are necessary to maintain healthy growth. If any one of these nutrients is missing, or not available, growth will suffer accordingly. The objective of applying fertilizers is to supplement the capacity of soil to provide adequate nutrients to growing plants.

Primary Macronutrients

There are three primary macronutrients: nitrogen (N), phosphorus (P) and potassium (K). These nutrients are listed in the three-digit codes on the front of all commercial fertilizer labels. For example, fertilizers designed to promote rooting or flowering might be labeled 0-10-10. This mix contains 0 percent



If nutrients and water reach a plant's roots, it will have the opportunity to grow big and strong. Note the reservoir formed at the base of this sativa.

available nitrogen, 10 percent available phosphorus and 10 percent available potassium. Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium are rapidly depleted by vigorous plants and frequent irrigation, and must therefore be replenished.

Nitrogen is utilized by plants to synthesize amino acids which then form proteins. Protein is a prime constituent in the protoplasm of all living cells. In addition, nitrogen is used in the synthe-



Plants in containers must be fed and watered frequently. This varietal indica obviously had its fill.

sis of chlorophyll, nucleic acids and enzymes. The availability of nitrogen is vital because it is a prime determinant in the rate of a plant's growth. Nitrogen-rich fertilizers are used to stimulate the vegetative (or green) growth cycle.

Nitrogen is mobile within plants. When the supply of nitrogen runs low in certain vital areas, it migrates from older growth to new. Symptoms of nitrogen deficiency are readily spotted: they include slowing of the growth rate, yellowing of the older leaves (chlorosis) and, finally, dying tips on older leaves.

Phosphorus is utilized to form nucleic acids and to store and transfer energy within a plant. Phosphorus stimulates new growth, root formation, flower development and fruit production. Phosphorus-rich fertilizers are used to stimulate root development (young and potted plants), increase maturation rate for plants in cold weather and to increase the production of flowers and seeds.

Symptoms of phosphorus deficiency include slow or stunted growth, purplish coloration on foliage, delayed maturation, and poor flower, fruit or seed production.

Potassium is also essential for the formation and transfer of energy, and the opening and closing of stomata (from which the plant "breathes"). It affects a plant's strength by encouraging the formation of starches, sugars and oils. These substances form the membranes of cell walls. Potassium also encourages root, flower and fruit production. Potassium-rich fertilizers are used to increase a plant's resistance to inclement weather and insect pests, and to boost the production of flowers and fruit.

Like nitrogen, potassium is mobile within plant tissue. Deficiencies first

appear in older growth. They include: dying tips on older leaves, weak stem and branches, poor flower and fruit production, and slow or stunted growth.

Secondary Macronutrients

There are three secondary macronutrients: calcium (Ca), magnesium (Mg), and sulfur (S). These nutrients, if included in a commercial fertilizer, are listed in the "Guaranteed Analysis." However, fertilizer-labeling regulations require a certain percentage of nutrients to be present before they can be listed. Organic fertilizers may have these nutrients present, but not to the degree specified by regulations. Secondary macronutrient deficiencies may occur in sandy soils, frequently irrigated soils (potted plants) or as regional geographical phenomenon. Oregon, Washington and Idaho, for instance, have soils generally deficient in sulfur.

Calcium is an essential part of cell-wall structure, and so must be present for the formation of new growth cells. Calcium deficiencies may exist in highly acidic soils. Calcium is nonmobile in

for many of the plant enzymes required in growth processes. Magnesium is generally in sufficient supply in most soils. However, it is more often deficient than calcium. Deficiencies are likely in sandy soils and soils where high concentrations of potassium fertilizers have been added. Magnesium is mobile within plant tissue; deficiency symptoms are first seen in older growth. These symptoms include chlorosis within the veins of older leaves with the edges curling upward. Magnesium is found in dolomitic limestone, or can be added as a solution by dissolving Epsom salts ($MgSO_4$) in water.

Sulfur is a constituent of several amino acids and is thus essential for protein synthesis. It is also a factor in the oils which give plants their characteristic aroma. Sulfur may be absorbed from the air where the atmosphere has been "enriched" by industrial sources. Sulfur deficiency symptoms include: pale green to light yellow young leaves, spindly growth and retarded maturation. Sulfur deficiencies may occur in nonsoil mediums. They are easily cor-



Fertilizer burn is just a "little touch more" away with water-soluble chemical fertilizers. These varietal sativas were destroyed by an overzealous dose of nitrogen.

plant tissue; deficiencies appear first in new growth. Symptoms of calcium deficiency include death of new growth tips, abnormally dark appearance of foliage, premature shedding of flowers and weakened stems. Calcium deficiency is not likely to occur in soil, but sometimes occurs in hydroponic gardens. Adding ground limestone will correct this problem.

Magnesium is a constituent of chlorophyll and is therefore essential for photosynthesis. It also serves as an activator

rected by adding ground sulfur.

Micronutrients (Trace Elements)

There are seven micronutrients: zinc (Zn), iron (Fe), manganese (Mn), copper (Cu), boron (B), molybdenum (Mo) and chlorine (Cl). Micronutrients, when included in the percentages specified in labeling regulations, are listed in the Guaranteed Analysis on fertilizer packages. However, as is the case with the secondary macronutrients, many organic fertilizers rich in these micronu-



Plants on a diet of well-balanced nutrients can withstand environmental adversities, like this katydid.

trients do not contain the specified amounts, and so they are not listed.

Though micronutrients are used by plants in extremely small amounts, they are as essential as the primary and secondary nutrients. Fertilizing with micronutrients is sensitive business. The difference between deficiency and toxicity levels is small and ill-defined. Deficiencies might be corrected by applying ounces over acres. Soil rich in organic matter will most likely have sufficient quantities of micronutrients.

Zinc is an essential ingredient of enzymatic synthesis. Deficiencies are first noticed on the growth tips, and include rosetting of terminal leaves and interveinal yellowing of leaves.

Iron is also a constituent of chlorophyll, and necessary for photosynthesis. Deficiencies may be caused by poor aeration or high pH. Symptoms include: interveinal yellowing of young leaves and branch-ends dying back.

Manganese stimulates growth processes and assists iron in chlorophyll formation. Symptoms include interveinal yellowing of young leaves with a dark green color remaining next to the veins. Iron, zinc and manganese deficiencies are often found together. Preparations containing all these micronutrients are sold in nurseries.

Copper is an activator of enzymes, but is highly toxic in small amounts. Deficiencies are extremely rare. Symptoms include stunted growth, poor color and wilting of leaf tips.

Boron functions in differentiating cell growth and regulates metabolism of carbohydrates. It is found in toxic levels

as frequently as in deficient levels. Deficiencies may occur in leached soils where the symptoms would include the dying back of the stem tip and wilted or yellowed leaves. Minute amounts of boric acid (available over the counter at pharmacies) will correct the problem.

Molybdenum is required for utilization of nitrogen. Deficiencies are rare and symptoms are similar to those of nitrogen.

Chlorine is required in photosynthetic activity. Chlorine deficiencies are extremely rare because of its ubiquitous nature.

In addition to the 16 essential plant nutrients, practically all of the other known elements have been identified at one time or another in plant tissue. We do not know what role, if any, these elements fulfill in the growth of plants. For this reason they are not considered essential plant nutrients.

NUTRIENT BALANCE

The most difficult aspect of fertilizing plants is providing a balance of nutrients. Balance is an important factor in determining productivity. An excess of one nutrient can cause another nutrient to become unavailable. A large application of phosphorus, for example, can cause a deficiency of zinc, or an excess of potassium may reduce the uptake of magnesium.

There are two approaches to establishing a fertilizing system. First, one can feed nutrient-rich organic materials to the soil and then rely on the natural soil processes to make nutrients available to plants. This approach has come

to be known as the "organic" system. Second, one can feed water-soluble inorganic nutrients directly to the plants. This approach has come to be known as the "chemical" system.

Organic Nutrient Systems are, contrary to popular opinion, an easy way of achieving a balance. These systems rely on soil decomposers, like microbacteria and earthworms, to convert organic materials into inorganic nutrients. Cultivators need only provide a good environment—neutral pH, good drainage, warm soil temperatures—for these decomposers to be effective.

Once a healthy soil has been established, cultivators only have to fertilize with organically rich materials. In the spring, when vegetative growth is being encouraged, nitrogen-rich materials like manures or blood meal can be applied to the topsoil. In the autumn, when flowering is being encouraged, phosphorus- and potassium-rich materials like bone meal and ashes can be applied.

Organic materials contain many chemical elements. Kelp, for example, contains nearly 100 minerals sifted from the sea. In addition, these materials contain humus, which increases the soil's capacity to process and store nutrients. Organic systems therefore provide a broad spectrum of nutrients at a steady, balanced rate, and improve with use.

Chemical Nutrient Systems rely on inorganic mineral salts to supply all of the essential plant nutrients. Inorganic minerals are taken from the environment, processed to make them water soluble, then fed directly to plants, thus bypassing the natural processes of the soil.

Chemical fertilizers became popular because of the difficulty in providing organic material to large farms. This popularity spread to smaller users because chemical fertilizers provide immediately available nutrients. Greenhouse operators who use hydroponics like chemicals because they are easier to work than organics—and don't have the odor.

Chemical fertilizers also have certain negative attributes. One of these drawbacks is the effect they have on natural soil processes. Continued use of chemical fertilizers tends to build up toxic levels of salts in the soil. These salts diminish the soil's capacity to process and store nutrients, thereby limiting the availability of secondary and trace-soil nutrients. Because of this effect it becomes extremely difficult to provide

plants with their required balanced diet. Nutrient-deficient plants cannot stand up to insect pests without insecticide protection; cannot compete with weeds without help from herbicides; and lose those subtle qualities of bouquet, appearance and taste.

The immediate availability of chemicals creates another drawback because there exists the possibility of destroying plants through an overdose. This happens more frequently than one would suspect. I recently interviewed a commercial greenhouse operator who spoke of losing an entire greenhouse full of ornamentals to an overdose applied by his hired hand.

To achieve a balance of nutrients using chemical salts, cultivators need to be extremely sensitive to the plants. This sensitivity is gained through experimentation. One tries a certain fertilizer and watches carefully for the results. Through this method of empirical study

cultivators have become remarkably adept at using chemicals.

Combined Nutrient Systems are a combination of both organic and chemical systems. They are used to achieve a balance of nutrients or to stimulate specific growth. For example, a cultivator with a chemical system deficient in trace elements might apply a periodic dose of kelp to bring things back into balance. An organic grower might apply a dose of chemical 0-10-10 to stimulate flower production.

FERTILIZERS

Commercial fertilizers come in two forms, topsoil-soluble and water-soluble. The topsoil fertilizer is designed to break down in the soil and become available to the roots with irrigation. Water-soluble fertilizer becomes available when mixed in water and may be applied to the roots, or through foliage feeding, directly to the leaves. Both

forms may be either organic or chemical. Following is a list of popular fertilizer products.

Organic Topsoil-Soluble: There are many sources for organic topsoil nutrients. I have included a chart of the more familiar ones along with an average analysis of their nutrient content.

Chemical Topsoil-Soluble: OSMOCOTE® is a popular fertilizer in commercial operations because its nutrients are coated with resins for a time-release effect. One can purchase a three-months' blend, or an eight to nine months' blend. OSMOCOTE® is available in various N-P-K ratios, but has no secondary or trace-soil nutrients on its "Long-Lasting Formula" label.

Organic Water-Soluble: The most frequently used organic product I have seen in use are kelp emulsions. One can purchase small containers—which are very expensive—in most garden centers. MAXI-CROP® is perhaps the most popular form of water-soluble organics because it is in dry powder form and can be purchased in bulk at cheaper prices. Kelp is not considered an official fertilizer because it does not have the required amount of total available nutrients. Nevertheless, it is a popular way of getting trace elements to plants quickly.

Chemical Water-Soluble: There are many popular brands with many different formulas of this fertilizer type. PETERS®, MIRACLE-GROW® and RAPID-GRO® have been on the market for years. PETERS® is a popular brand in professional circles.

Fertilizer Application

Following is a list of fertilizer do's and don'ts.

Don't feed a young seedling a mature plant's diet of nutrients. Seedlings can generally go for weeks on the food stored in a seed and in the potting soil. A hot dose of nutrients may destroy the young roots.

Don't feed a dry plant. Always water a plant, then feed it. This will prevent fertilizer burn.

Do follow label directions. The makers of fertilizer put directions on the label for a reason. Try it their way.

Do provide a basin for the fertilizer. It does you no good if it washes down the hill.

Don't apply fertilizers when transplanting. Allow the roots some time to become adjusted to their new environment. Rooting hormones are available for this process if you feel the need. □

ORGANIC SOURCES OF ESSENTIAL PLANT NUTRIENTS

	Nitrogen (N)	Phosphorus (P)	Potassium (K)
	percent N	percent P	percent K
Alfalfa Hay	2.5	5	2.1
Blood Meal	13.0	15	—
Bone Meal (steamed)	3.0	15.0	—
Bone Meal (burned)	—	34.7	—
Cottonseed Meal	6.5	3.0	15
Fish Meal	10.4	5.9	—
Green Sand	—	15	5.0
Hoof and Horn Meal	12.5	1.7	—
Kelp	2	1	.6
Sewage Sludge (digested)	2.0	3.0	—
Sewage Sludge (activated)	6.5	3.4	3
Tankage	7.0	8.6	15
Wood Ash	—	1.5	7.0
Manures			
Bat Guano	13.0	5.0	2.0
Goat Manure	2.7	1.8	2.9
Steer Manure	2.0	5	2.0
Horse Manure	7	3	5
Hog Manure	1.0	7	.8
Sheep Manure	2.0	1.0	2.5
Rabbit Manure	2.0	13	12
Poultry Manure	16	12	9
Worm Castings	3.0	1.0	5

NOTE: This source-list reflects only average nutrient yields. Actual yields will vary with source. □

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BIG JACK AND THE UNNAMED TRIBE, PART II

I bet Margaret Mead never had to go through this, Jack thought as he tore-ass from the Jivaro headhunters who were convinced he was carrying the spirits of two tribesmen in his Kodachrome film canisters. by Ted Mann

Our story thus far: Jack, a tenured prof at a college located in a temperate rain forest (let's just call it Oregon) has been told by his old friend Professor Ariel, the head of the Anthropology Department, that in order to keep that tenure, and for the good of the department, Jack will have to revisit the upper Amazon basin. It was there Jack made his name and professional reputation years ago, when misadventure steered him amongst the Unnamed Tribe. The ensuing book had propelled him to the top of the profession. But, like Margaret Mead and Tom Robbins, he found the luster of subjective observation wearing off after 10 years. Or was it 20?

"Go fucking back?!" Jack rhetorically screamed. "Didn't you ever read my first book, Ariel? Between the fuck-in' lines?"

Doug Ariel looked at him with the steel glance of a dying pigeon.

"The Anthropology Department—if it is to survive, and it will—has no choice. You will go back, you will go back. If necessary you will die. Die for the discipline of Durkheim and Boas. Die for the humanist spirit. If absolutely essential, you will die horribly. You will take notes. You may drink, but you will take notes. I will not lose our department's grants and funding to grad students tutored by astroid machines."

Jack knew he was going back.

For all the cultural relativism of *The Unnamed Tribe*, Jack thought he was no longer the man who had written the book. He no longer felt capable of anything but a specious and fraudulent sympathy with hunter primitives, nothing but fear for the rituals and consecrated ceremonies of peoples whose life-spans generally fell short of arboreal apes and considerably shy of parrots.

When Jack had been rescued from the floating log many years ago, it had been by an elder of the Unnamed Tribe—Peruche. Peruche was a warrior chief. He had been 20 years old, five years younger than Jack. He might as well have been the founder of CBS; he was already a great-grandfather and a famed chief, taker of 60 heads. Five years senior, Jack felt as a child in the presence of this socially secure savage.

After Peruche had pulled Jack from the log on the river years ago he had been taken to the Jivaria. Peruche took the starving, half-mad white man home, not with a heart full of love, but quite naturally. Motivated by curiosity, a hard, natural person, Peruche's affection for the outsider had developed slowly as he watched Jack's responses to the tribe's children. Peruche gained increasing respect for the white stranger as Jack displayed near simian abilities of memory and mimicry. One day after Jack had acquired some 300 words of language, Peruche leaped to the conclusion that Jack was near human and not an albino primate whose eventual destiny was stew.

Well, "human" may be going too far. Definitely an ape with unheard-of baby-sitting abilities. Yet, as Jack developed culturally, Peruche began to feel more strongly toward him than any pet he had owned. The attachment fueled ritual tensions in the small, strictly hierarchical tribe.

Soon Jack's duties expanded beyond child care. He was accepted not as a man (which was impossible), but he was given the status of a good hunting dog, taken on trips and informed of domestic and economic difficulty. Like a good hunting dog he was trusted far more and was privy to greater secrets than, say, a priest. Like a hunting dog he

was expected to keep such knowledge to himself.

The shaman, or priest, whose power in the Jivaria was near equal to that of Peruche, became intensely jealous of Jack. Unlike the recipients of similar feelings in North America, Jack had no doubts or confusion about the man's attitude. He was publicly accused of responsibility for a thunderstorm that had brought down a branch which had broken the leg of a child. And when in the course of an otherwise happy and successful fish-trapping expedition a young woman of the tribe suffered a *cadiru* attack (a small-spined fish that lodges itself in the urethra of the unfortunate), the blame was laid at his door. Finally, when Peruche himself was bitten by some kind of hideous snake that looked like an advertising man's golf sock, and the serpent's criminality was attributed to Jack, he knew that even the patronage and good will of the headhunter chief would not be sufficient to stand off the ill will of the gods as interpreted by the mold-tea-sipping spiritual leader of the tribe.

All this of course is described in *Unnamed Tribe*. When, after a 48-hour bout with mushroom tisane, monkey blood and hallucinogenic lichens, the shaman guy appeared and proclaimed that Jack held captive, in plastic 35-millimeter film jars, the spirits of two tribesmen lost on a woman-stealing expedition, Jack, despite the patronage of Peruche, concluded he would be wise to leave.

Stealing a canoe Jack made his way downstream, eventually connecting with the main river. There, if you wait long enough, tramp steamers full of nickel-and-dime Portuguese of the most bigoted and exploitative type eventually appear. If you can endure the vicious-

ly ambitious and inanely venturesome nature of their babble, these losers will return you to civilization.

Their civilization, which is to say, Manaus, Brazil. Still, Manaus, Brazil, was and is, connected with Miami by air, and Miami, in the opinion of many anthropological men, is a part of the civilized world. We're not going to get into that now.

After his return Jack wrote his well-respected and compassionate book, *The Unnamed Tribe*. He became famous. He gave lectures. He made *Time*. Anthropology was hot. Those were the days when primary-school textbooks were pointing out to eight-year-old Americans that a hairy monkey arm pulled from a bed of coals was not so very different from a chunk of gristle in a can of Dinty Moore Irish stew. It was all food.

"Well," thought Jack when he wrote the book, "it all was food." It was all inedible. Jack went on Merv Griffin. He played a nose flute on the Carson show and almost got to talk, but Charo's story ran over and time ran out. He got married. He got a teaching position. He told hearsay stories as if he had been there. He knew a lot. Not all firsthand, but he knew a lot. Peruche had told him how to shrink a head. So, if he said he had shrunk a head, what was the difference? Play the skull, boil the skin, fill with hot sand, pluck the eyebrows. Hell, Henry Kissinger talked as if he knew Talleyrand on a first-name basis. Same thing, no?

For 15, or was it 20 years, Jack had been practicing anthropological expertise. It was only the prospect of having to return to the upper Amazon basin that reminded him that his objective appraisal was nothing more than selective recollection. That the felicity and grace which so satisfied the readers of *Unnamed Tribe* was inaccurate, uncharacteristic and as vain and wishful a slander as had ever been perpetrated on preneolithic savages since Kipling's Mowgli stories lit up Victorian nurseries with belly-laughing bears, cynical snakes and paternalistic tigers. Jack had given such attributes and emotions to humans, not animals. He had lied. Or misremembered. Or sold out, or, he couldn't recall. Now he had to go back. All he recalled now was the fear and loneliness and danger of the jungle. That hadn't come through in the book, or on the talk shows, or in the anecdotes so dinner-party honed.

"Iquitos," said Jack, presenting passport and ticket to the airlines clerk in

Portland. His ticket, provided by the Oregon university's endowments, was first class.

"Gate ten," the clerk replied, bored, dashing Jack's hope of being taken as a seasoned traveler or man of means. The backwater Peruvian destination aroused not even curiosity in the over-tired clerk, who, after all, had met people who were going to Arkansas, and worse.

"Is there some sort of a lounge-type thing for first-class passengers?" Jack asked, vaguely remembering tales of such fabled luxury from visiting in-laws.

"No," said the clerk. She offered him a chit for a free orange juice. It was complimentary with the morning flight.

"Shit," thought Jack, and walked away into the humming fluorescent vanishing point of terrazzo floors and gift shops. Waiting for the plane to Peru he stared at the purple-stuffed syndicated cartoon cats behind the sliding glass doors of the locked gift shops and watched the semisomolent servicemen slumped in plastic chairs feeding quarters into 12-inch black and white TVs. Signs prominently posted about the airport warned the unwary that creeps with flowers carrying beefs for fusion energy or pentatonic scales or selling lifetime subscriptions to *HIGH TIMES* magazine were not sanctioned by anyone as respectable as a ticket agent. Yet they had to have their first-amendment rights.

"Be leavin' those behind soon," thought Jack.

Getting dumped off the U.S. airline in Peru was a bit of a shock for Jack. Recently purchased goldfish are generally a little more acclimatized. The bag is left in the aquarium water for a while. Not so in South America. Poor Americans are issued from the first-class section of the jet right into reality.

Going from fat armchairs incorporating cigarette holders and complimentary playing cards to the back of a taxi whose interior resembles a Valentine's Day card and whose atmosphere is predominantly carbon monoxide is a terrible cultural shock.

Finding an old headhunter named Peruche driving the cab can also be disquieting.

"Those without cultural or racial bias survive better in the tropics," said a pamphlet Jack had acquired prior to leaving. Having been through the jungle once, he was wise enough not to think himself superior to advice from any source. Including the U.S. Department of Agri-

culture.

"Peruche?" he inquired.

"Seventy heads," the old man replied.

The conversation was a mixture of hand gestures and Spanish, but intonation and body slang proved more eloquent than a guidebook's measured phraseology.

"I am ninety-nine years old and a headhunter," said Peruche. "But civilization's benefits have come to me, however late. I have forsaken my ways of the past. Four dollars will get you more."

"Do you remember me?" asked Jack.

"That is more," said the driver.

"You saved my life, twenty years ago...or maybe eighteen."

"I saved your life?" the old man asked.

"Yeah, you found me on a log in the river and rescued me...years ago...I might have drowned."

"Now I find you at the airport and pick you up in a cab. You might have been ripped off by another less scrupulous driver, one to whom you do not owe your life. This extraordinary coincidence could save you two or three dollars."

"I wrote a book. A book about the time I spent with you and the tribe. I became famous. You, Peruche, became famous."

"You made money from this book?" the old man asked, skidding the cab up to an intersection of sorts.

"Some," said Jack.

"Got any left?"

"Not much," Jack admitted. Peruche shrugged. "But I'm going to do another book. We'll be famous again. Where is the tribe? Why are you driving a cab in Iquitos? What has happened?"

"Why shouldn't I be driving a cab in Iquitos? I'm not rich. I made no money from this book you wrote about me." The old man held up his hand for silence. "I have heard of this book." He fell silent and drove. Drove the cab in an unusually dispassionate manner for an old man who haunted the cab stands at jungle airports, and who had once been one feared and respected throughout a thousand square miles of unsailable tropical vegetation.

"Many anthropologists came to us after you left," Peruche continued after reflection. "Some were French." The man shuddered. "You have no idea—" A muffled sob escaped the old warrior. "I, trained all my life to face enemies and peril unflinching, found myself and my people utterly unequipped to deal with anthropologists. Some of them French. This is what your book

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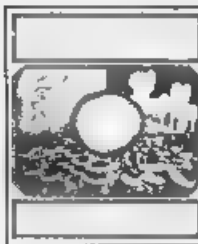
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DISTRACTIONS IN THE LITERARY LIFE

Sandra wants more cocaine. There's a naked black man throwing empty wine bottles off the roof and screaming, "Death to Whitey." Big Sam is trying to kill him with a double-barrel shotgun, and the typewriter keeps falling off the table.

It's a hot summer night, a very hot summer night, and I am sitting in the kitchen, typer on the breakfast-nook table, only there's no breakfast-nook and we are always too sick to eat breakfast. Anyhow, I am trying to type up some kind of a story, well, not some type, rather, a dirty story for one of the mags (Jesus, writing's hard: wasn't there an easier way to say that?). Meanwhile, one of the table legs keeps slipping out from under and I have to stop typing as the whole table begins to tilt and it's a matter of trying to grab the typer, the bottle and the table leg, trying to hold my whole world together like that: some drunk has locked the table leg out one night and I try glue, hammer, nails, all that, but the wood is split and won't hold, but, anyhow, I try to push the table leg under there again. It holds a little while like that and I take a drink, light my cigar stub, begin typing, hoping to get in a short paragraph before the table begins to tilt again.

The phone rings in the other room and I put the typer and bottle on the floor and get up to answer, and as I walk into the other room Sandra has the phone. Sandra of the long red hair that looks good from a distance but when you get close and touch it, it's like her: unaccountably hard, unlike her big ass and breasts. I can put her big ass and breasts in a story but they'll never believe them, those black Jewish fag editors have trouble believing—Once I sent in this story telling about how I fuck these three different women in one day, I really don't want to but circumstance forces me, and this editor sends back this raging letter: "Chinaski, this is sick! Nobody gets this type of ac-

tion! Especially an old bum, an old fuck like you! Get back to reality!... blah, blah, blah..." he goes on and on...

Anyhow, Sandra hands me the phone, she's drinking sake (cold) and smoking one of my cigars. She puts down the cigar. As I say "Hello?" she unzips me and begins sucking on my string.

"Listen," I say, "will you leave me the fuck alone?"

"What?" asks the guy on the phone.

"Not you," I say.

I am in my undershirt and I take it and stretch it over Sandra's head so I can talk less hindered.

It's my dealer who lives in one of the courts up front, a much larger and nicer court than mine, and he tells me he just got in some coke. I sit in his place sometimes as he redilutes the stuff and measures it out in these little Ziploc bags on his little scale while his beautiful class-broad struts about on her immense heels. I never see her in the same dress or the same pair of shoes. We fuck once with the dealer watching. He uses the good stuff, nothing bothers him. Or maybe he likes to watch.

I still hold the phone.

"How much?" I ask.

"Well, for you, since we're friends, one hundred bucks."

"You know I'm broke."

"I thought you said you were the world's greatest writer."

"It's just that the editors don't know it."

"All right," he says, "for you: fifty bucks."

"What do you cut that stuff with?" I ask.

"Secrets of the trade—"

"Come on, tell me," I insist.

"Dried come—"

"Whose? Yours?"

"I'll be down in thirty minutes," he hangs up.

Sandra has finished me off. She pulls her head out from under my undershirt. She puts the cigar back into her mouth, puts a lighter to it, sucks it back to life. I zip up, walk back to the kitchen, check the table leg, put the bottle and typer back on the table, begin to type some more. Updike never had to write under such conditions. Or Cheever either. I get them mixed up. But I know that one is dead and the other can't write. Writers. Shit. Met Ginsberg once after a mass reading of him, his buddies and me. What a groaning, moaning night that was in that soft turd city of Santa Cruz. At the party afterward he and his buddies just lean against a wall and try to look learned as I do a drunken dance. "I don't know how to talk to Chinaski," Ginsberg tells one of his buddies.

Just as well

I type away... In my story I have this guy trying to fuck a baby elephant up the trunk—he's a zoo keeper and he's tired of his wife... The keeper has stuck his string into the elephant's trunk and is working it around when suddenly the elephant snuffles the zoo-keeper's balls in there too, just sucks them in, and it feels all right, really does, too great—the guy climaxes and makes ready to withdraw but the elephant holds, won't let go. No, no, no, some living hell. It's a joke. A bullshit joke. *Leggo!* The guy takes both thumbs and sticks them into the elephant's eyes. No good. The elephant only sucks harder. Holy Mary. The keeper tries everything. Relaxing. Pretending to be



asleep. Talking: "Just let go. I promise never, never to fuck another animal." Now, it's 3 A.M. and the elephant has gripped him for an hour and a half... Never trouble like that with his wife, she had no grip at all... The elephant only holds him. Then the keeper gets brilliant, takes out his cigarette lighter, flicks it to flame, places it under the trunk. The grip begins to loosen, then the lighter goes out. The keeper flicks the lighter again. No good. He flicks it and flicks it. Out of fluid. Out of luck. Fifteen years' seniority and they'll find him there like that in the morning and he'll lose his job, or worse...

"Hey, Jack Off!" Sandra hollers from the other room, "you writin' some good shit?"

"Yeah, but I don't know how to end it."

"Have them drop the fucking bomb."

"Hey, great! I'll do it! Nobody, nobody has written a story like this!"

Just then the table leg gives way and I only have time to grab the bottle as the typer crashes to the floor. Never happened to Mailer or Tolstoy. I take a slug from the bottle, then go over to the old typer. Don't die on me, m.f., in any way at all... It has landed upright. I sit down on my ass, reach out and tap at the keys. I type: DON'T DIE ON MY INFINITY. It types me right back, like that. It's tough, like me. I take a drink of joyful celebration for the both of us. Then I get bright: I decide to type on the m.f. floor, I will finish typing the m.f. story on the m.f. floor. Celine would dig that.

Just then an outrageous screaming from the sky plus exploding sounds and also a sense of undeclared war as shards of fulsome, flailing, furious, fucking glass rip into walls and windows, sundry things. No chance in Dixie. No chance anywhere. Bing Crosby shakes and rattles in his grave. It's war. It's war in East Hollywood, just off of Hollywood and Western boulevards, near those all-night take-out stands, near me, near us, they've been trying to clean up the district for years but it just gets worse.

(Forgive me, but let me tell you about the best time I can think of, I mean when the candle was burning tall and life was, finally, good: this pimp rented out a whole block, southside on Hollywood Boulevard. Well, it wasn't an entire block, but it was most of the block between the outlet store and the killer nudey bar, and he had the girls sitting in the windows in homelike circumstances: chair, TV, rug, sometimes a cat or dog, drapes, and the girls just used to

sit there in the windows, almost glass-like, waxlike, and if not always beautiful, I thought very brave or at least slightly gallant, all this so that the patrons could make a leisurely and proper choice... Here was the pimp with the ultimate style, but evidently he couldn't make the ultimate payoff: one night after 18 nights they were there, the next night they were gone.)

But, meanwhile, I step out on the porch with Sandra behind me, resting her udders upon my back. The explosions abound as zips, flicks, daggers of glass shoot and fly about. I slip into my shades to protect my eyes. So, over on Western is the large old hotel, it's 8 or 10



stories high, it's filled with druggies, prosties, pimps, criminals, madmen, madwomen, imbeciles and saints.

There is this naked black guy up on the roof of the hotel and we can see that he's naked and black because the police helicopter which is always buzzing Hollywood and Western is shining their lights upon him. We can see him. Nicely. But the copters don't send in the squad cars. No need for that. Not as long as we are destroying each other. We are nothing to protect. We don't matter, because between the 3,000 of us estimated to be bunched up in that area, we can't show a total, say, of two grand on hand between all of us at that moment. And we have no home to leave an American Express Card without. So, as far as the law is concerned, we can murder each other until our blood runs, hell no, walks, seeps, like a thick, dumb, stinking red malt in the streets...

We look up as the naked black hurls

more empty wine bottles. Under the helicopter's blaring lights he is shining like a hot piece of coal. He looks good. I mean, what a hell of a stage. We all need release and we so seldom get it. We fuck and drink and smoke and poke and snort, and it all flattens. He is getting his. Now.

He screams: "Death to Whitey! A black death to Whitey! Fuck you, Whitey! All your mothers are whores! All your brothers are fags! All your sisters fuck dogs and suck black dick! Death to Whitey! God is black and I am God!"

We hate each other so much, it does give us something to do.

Now his bottles roar down again, most break against the walks, the tops of the courts, but some bounce like crazy things, don't break, or only partially break and then crash through some of our windows, and that's a bit sad because we are poor; it might be better if he could throw those bottles all the way through some of those windows in Beverly Hills.

Then I see Big Sam step out of his rear court. He's on ATD and he walks out into the courtyard and stands in the middle of the flying and breaking bottles and he looks up at the naked black. Big Sam is carrying a shotgun. Then he sees me. Somehow he thinks I am the only friend he has. He might be right. I never saw him as crazy.

He walks over to me.

"Hank, I think I should shoot him. What do you think?"

"The best rule in any given situation is to do what you want to do."

I can't see a shotgun doing much at that distance. Sam reads me.

"I got a rifle too—"

"I wouldn't shoot him, Sam."

"Why not?"

"Hell, I don't know."

"You let me know when you know."

He puts the gun to his shoulder and marches back into his court.

The wine bottles keep coming but somehow it's just not as interesting anymore. Some of the people go back into their courts. The lights come on, gradually. Finally, even the helicopter flies off. There are a few more crashes of bottles, then it's quiet.

Inside, I switch from wine to whiskey. It's hard typing there while on my ass on the floor, but I don't worry now about the table leg, and the whiskey puts tiny little roars into the sentences and I am into it and about to drop the bomb when there's a knock on the door. It's got to be the dealer, and when I

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MONARCH MANIA

In his first report from Europe, our man in Amsterdam ruminates on royalty, Europe's prime endangered species. What could you possibly say in favor of monarchy? Well, monarchy means only one family steals your attention...and money.

William Levy is our Amsterdam-based European Correspondent. He is the author of Natural Jewboy and editor of Certain Radio Speeches of Ezra Pound. A book of poems, Die Kunst des Flirten, will be published this winter. His "Fifth Column" will appear in these pages from time to time.

Does the queen have a boyfriend? Does the prince have a boyfriend? Does the queer prince have jungle fever? Will the queen abdicate? Is she against missiles in Europe? And NATO? Is there a CIA conspiracy against the Dutch royal family? And how does Jesse Jackson fit in?

One way for fiction to be successful is to resemble somebody's version of news. One way for theories of history to attain the status of dominant reality is for the news to resemble somebody's fantasy. Both meet an existing demand as wish-fulfillers, need-satisfiers, as creations of the imagination made manifest.

"There are good arguments for monarchy," I said to Stefan Landshoff. Politically, Stefan is pro-Moscow; he favors the finlandization of Europe based on the so-called *Realpolitik* of "Learn to Love Your Neighborhood Super-Power"—and, I love to tease him about this. My standard retort is: "Your neighborhood superpower is anyone who has missiles with atomic warheads within striking distance of where you are sitting. Both the Americans and the Russians have buttons marked Amsterdam. And the French missiles—with a

good wind behind them—only go as far as Munich."

Turning to look me in the eye when he talked would have been correct manners on other occasions: I was sitting in the backseat. The danger was exacerbated because Stefan was driving his Russian-built red Lada sedan in the German style—that is, you get in the left lane, go as fast as you can pushing aside every other car, moving over to the right only when pushed aside yourself. He started gesturing his whole six-foot, five-inch frame, shaking his never-washed shoulder-length black hair, matted like dreadlocks from swimming daily in the botulism-infected lakes of Holland. "Vat!" he said. "Vat could you possibly say in favor of monarchy?"

Appearance, as almost everyone knows, can be deceptive. Berlin-born Stefan Landshoff (32) is a third-generation radical publisher, and one of my favorite illuminated cranks. His grandfather, Fritz, was head of a large book-publishing firm in Berlin in 1933 when he had to flee, came to Holland where he organized the publication of German exile writers, among others, Klaus Mann's *Mephisto*. Stefan, himself, is never so happy as when he's causing trouble. Like when he published a memoir of a terrorist which was *Verboten in Deutschland*, even though it had an introduction by Nobel prize winner Heinrich Böll, like a 500-page hatchet job on Prince Bernhard; like a book proving the active collaboration of the Philips electronics company with the

Nazis during the war—for this he was sued, the Dutch court in the Philips company town of Eindhoven banned the book and made the unusual proviso that the author could never again use the word "Philips" in print.

I said, "Monarchy means only one family steals your attention. In a republic there's a new head of state every few years, and all their sisters and their cousins and their aunts want villas and sinecures. Also, there's been a resurgence of royalist sentiment. The House of Bourbon was restored in Spain. And Kim il Sung of North Korea has appointed his son successor, making it the first Communist hereditary monarchy. That should make you glad! Besides, there are only about ten ruling kings and queens left: they are an endangered species."

"Und willst du nicht mein Bruder sein, so schlag ich dir den Schädel ein."

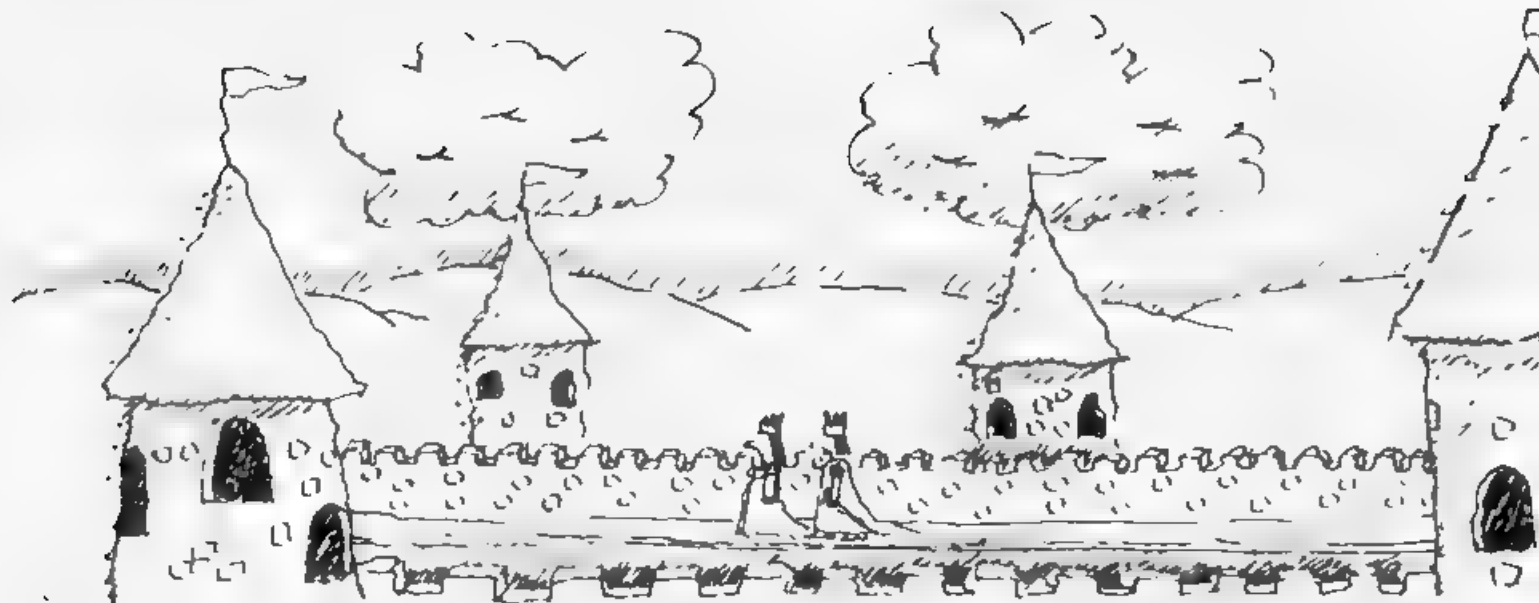
"What's that?"

"It's an old German saying."

"Which means?"

"If you won't be my brother, I will split your head open. In German, though, it's a rhyming couplet."

We were on our way to The Hague to attend a press conference on the recent rumors about the royal family of the Netherlands. This is not a cute moot point, nor yet something out of *The Student Prince* or *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Not only is the House of Orange very, very rich—they own large pieces of (royal Dutch) Shell and Unilever—but they have substantive constitutional



powers in this small country. People joke: Holland is not their biggest company. Although they are constitutionally prohibited from commenting on parliamentary or government issues, the ruling monarch appoints and dismisses all mayors, and appoints the *formateur*, the person(s) responsible for getting the political parties together after an election. These choices are crucial: the mayors select the chief of police (Rotterdam being the biggest port in the world) and all governments are coalitions, so the *formateur* has considerable weight. But recently things have not gone well for the House of Orange; many see this as a conspiracy to destabilize the royal family.

First there was that amiable scoundrel Prince Bernhard, Queen Juliana's husband. A member of Ernst Rohm's SA, before Hitler came to power, Bernhard was posted to Paris in the '30s to be part of the I.G. Farben industrial spy network. In the '50s he tried to have his wife committed to a nuthouse because she spoke out against Holland joining NATO, and in favor of spiritual values. He was the first host, then the permanent chairman of the Bilderberg Conference, from 1954-'76. This little publicized, covert power group included such people as David Rockefeller, Henry Heinz II, Paul Nitze, Walter Mondale and their political, financial and media equivalents in Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and England. (For a full exposé of the Bilderberg Group and its successor, the Trilateral Commission, see: *The Global Manipulators*, by Robert Eringer, Pentacle Books, Bristol, England.) Finally, in the mid-'70s, Bernhard got

caught in the Lockheed affair; there were signed letters from him demanding \$500,000 for selling their Starfighters to the Dutch air force. It was also revealed that he had a child by his expensive French mistress and sold invitations for tea with the queen to Texans for \$10,000.

As a result of his public disgrace Bernhard went belly up—was forced to resign from all his official positions. When things quieted down Juliana abdicated in favor of her eldest daughter, Beatrix.

Beatrix married Claus von Amsburg, a German baron, who made the youthful mistake of having himself photographed in his very own black *Totenkopf* uniform. No wonder their investiture in 1980 was marred by massive street-fighting all over Amsterdam. The whole city center was under a cloud of tear gas, the streets were covered with glass and blood. Their troubles really began, however, after touring the States in 1982 to celebrate the bicentennial of Dutch-American diplomatic relations. A few months later the palace made the surprise announcement that Prince Claus had had a nervous breakdown; he was bundled off to a Swiss sanatorium, like some choleric Hans Castorp. Then, like that famous scum in a melting pot, the rumors began to bubble to the surface...

Stefan and I took seats at the back of a conference room in the National Press Center, a small building located off the courtyard of the Dutch Houses of Parliament.

"I will point out to you some of the important personalities here," Stefan said, glaring at me with dark countenance. "That man over there, wearing a light blue suit, with a goatee, looking like a salaried servant of some big trust—he's

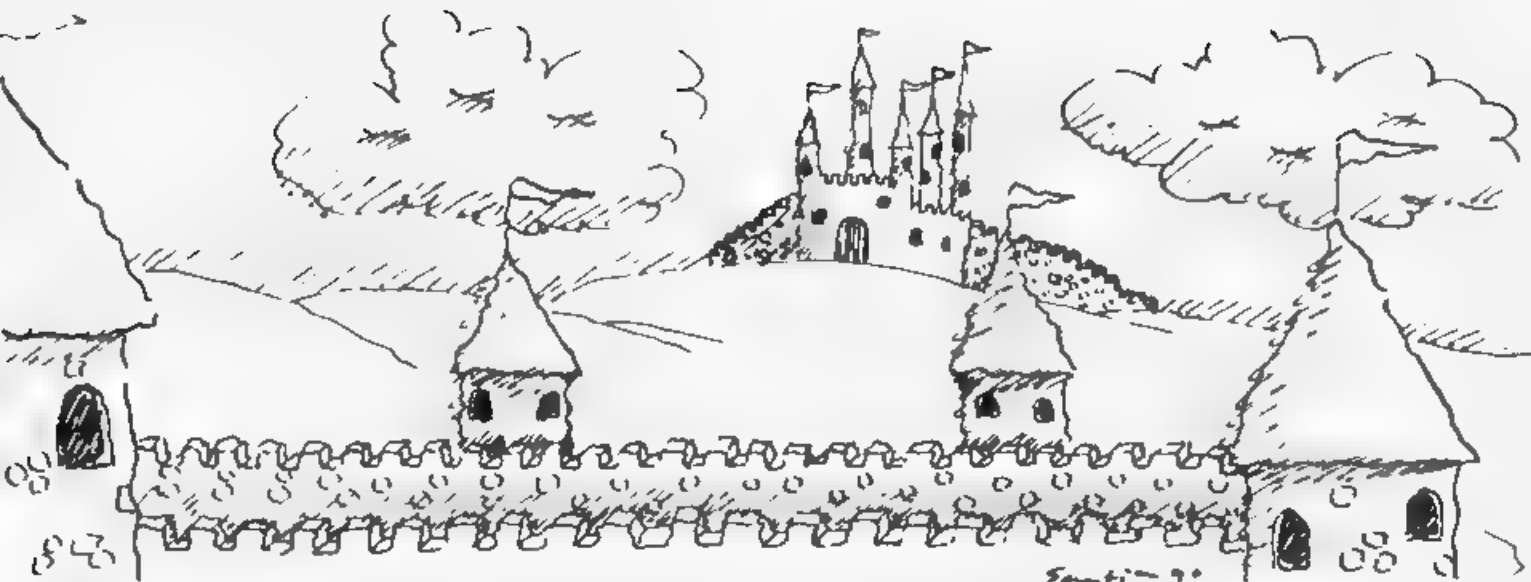
the *Newsweek* correspondent. That man wearing eyeglasses, with the lopsided face is the dean of the press corps—he writes for the *Frankfurter Rundschau* and a newspaper in Zurich owned by the family of my brother's wife. That woman now coming in on crutches—she's from *Der Spiegel*."

We were all waiting for the star of this event, the man who called this meeting.

"Who is this Oltmans, anyway?" I asked Stefan, and he supplied an outline.

Willem Oltmans, a Dutch author and adventurer, was educated at Yale University, has lived in New York for the past 30 years and has been on the fringes of many world scandals. His family were colonial quinine-kings with holdings in Indonesia. When Sukarno nationalized everything, Oltmans went there, and through persuasions, which to this day remain mysterious, became the only person to get his money out. Part of the deal seems to have been ghost-writing the biography of Mrs. Dewar Sukarno. In the '60s there was the Kennedy assassination. Oltmans found a man named George de Mohrenschild. He was a White Russian Texas oilman who had been friends with Lee Harvey Oswald and his Russian wife, Marina.

"De Mohrenschild," Stefan told me, "was a vital part in setting up Oswald. Oltmans called a press conference then, too. Suddenly this de Mohrenschild disappeared in Belgium and was discovered suicided in Palm Beach, Florida. And, as you know, my brother and I bought the world rights to the book Oltmans cos authored with Georgi Arbatov, the director of the Institute of United States and Canadian Studies in Moscow, and a member of the Soviet Central Committee, and a consultant to



Yuri Andropov. The book is called *The Soviet Viewpoint*."

"Oh, yeah!" I growled. "That was that Kremlin press release you published without even getting a KGB subsidy."

Stefan ignored my sarcasm. "Oltmans is an outsider, but of the elite sort. On the basis of the MIT Club of Rome project, *Limits to Growth*, he conducted a series of over a hundred interviews with some of the world's leading thinkers on the subject of population growth and resource exhaustion. These interviews were published in two volumes entitled *On Growth*, by Putnam in 1974 to '75. He is gay, you know," Stefan said, just as Oltmans came into the room. A neatly dressed, well-preserved, even handsome man in his mid-fifties—suntanned fair skin, square jaw, piercing cornflower blue eyes, Yale necktie—stalked to the platform.

Oltmans announced: "I am going to make public all rumors. Not only because many have been falsely attributed to me, but also to give the royal family a chance of answering them." "Hill Street Blues" has fewer characters than the story that followed.

Since Prince Claus had his nervous breakdown, Oltmans began, the Dutch press has been seething with innuendos. The conservative section of the press demanded that Claus be eliminated from succeeding as regent if Queen Beatrix dies, because of his mental instability. The liberal press hinted this nervous breakdown was a sham, that Claus was being blackmailed by the CIA. At any rate, all factions put forth the story that Prince Claus is a homosexual who has had a long relationship with Salomonsen, a lawyer and counselor to the queen. In New York there was an

alleged "incident with a man" and photographs taken of him in a sex club.

Queen Beatrix is supposed to be "lusty," according to an unnamed U.S. senator. It has been hinted she has a boyfriend, at least she contents herself with the opposite sex. His name is Brinkhorst and he was parliamentary leader of D'66, a party of romantic liberals in the last government, also a deputy foreign minister. Recently, Brinkhorst was appointed to the Dutch embassy in Tokyo. It was said "he was sent away."

Oltmans gave a chronology of all dates, the names of newspapers and journalists who have suggested these relationships. He mentioned the smears in the foreign press: how *Time* called Beatrix and Claus "pinko rulers"; how *Der Spiegel* headlined a story HOLLAND HAS BAD LUCK WITH GERMAN PRINCES—linking Claus with his freebooting father-in-law. He concluded, "First it was pinkos, now it's sex-pornographic scandals. I have no idea why. If it goes on, the queen will retire, saying, 'Fuck it all!'"

During the question period, Oltmans's most churlish inquisitors were the representatives of the German and American press. Stefan shook his matted hair sagely, having pointed these people out to me previously.

Suddenly there was shouting in the room. "Queen Beatrix and I," Oltmans was screaming, "were both brought up by the same governess. In our kind of society that's like a surrogate mother. So you might say, Queen Beatrix and I are sort of brother and sister, and that I know the psychological structure of monarchy. It's inhuman and criminal. It leads to madness—people can't be put in golden cages."

After the press circus Willem Olt-

mans accepted my invitation to ride back with us to Amsterdam, a chance to question him further.

"Do you think there is a conspiracy to destabilize the royal family?" I asked Oltmans.

"Well, you know what happened when McGovern chose a running mate with a psychiatric history. What was his name?"

"That was Senator Eagleton from Missouri," I said. "But his problem was that he had had electroshock treatment. Are you saying Prince Claus has had his brains fried?"

"No. No. No. I didn't mean that. But I can tell you, because of all these rumors, the queen goes to a psychiatrist, too."

"But there must be some motive. Are there commercial conflicts between the royal family and some other powerful group? Like in Chile, for example, where they have considerable interest in copper."

Oltmans threw his hands in front of his face and yelled, "Watch where you're going, Stefan! Sorry, what was your question?"

"That's okay. Everyone knows about Stefan's driving. I had asked about commercial conflicts as a motive—"

"Oh, yes, a capitalist sees other capitalists under every bed."

"C'mon now, be serious. You can't be calling me a capitalist. Then I'll repeat the nonsense that you're a Soviet agent. There must be some motive."

"Claus and Beatrix are not blindly pro-American and pro-NATO," he said. "But what these events have proved is that the Dutch secret services are independent of the government and Parliament. To answer your original question:

/ continued on page 77

"HARDCORE CALIFORNIA": THE S.F. SCENE

"Shock is a way of ungluing the insides of people's heads," says Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys. Of course, it helps if the head is softened up by a few well-placed motorcycle-boot kicks. Our salute to San Francisco hardcore!

Whether the Sex Pistols were meant to be a nine-month wonder garnering laughs and money for their situationist manager Malcom McLaren, or "a force to set the world on its ear," it is clear that they were perceived as the latter in California from their inception to their final disintegration. Johnny (Lydon) Rotten's last words from the stage at Winterland, Jan. 14, 1978, were "Ha-ha-ha!! Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?" The audience had been cheated that night in grand rock 'n' roll style. Rotten had been heard to say before the show, "Let's really fuck it up tonight. We'll fuck up these fucking hippies. We'll turn the tables, make and do something they haven't read about in the music press." Even McLaren was quoted afterward, saying, "Fuckin' awful show, wasn't it? They were just like any other rock band."

Without a doubt the Pistols' final concert in San Francisco brought to a close the formative period of California Punk subculture. Not that S.F. is unaccustomed to such things. After all, similar energies had been bloated into oblivion during the '50s and '60s by sudden mass popularity. The Pistols concert made it clear that Punk had become the "next big thing." But it had taken a long time getting here. The myth had been propagated since the fall of 1976 by a battalion of musicians, scenesters, entrepreneurs and managers, beginning when Mary Monday touched down at San Francisco airport in a friend's private plane.

When Mary arrived in "hippie" San Francisco from Montreal via Vancouver,



Ed Cuher
Guess who's coming for dinner... Crucifix.

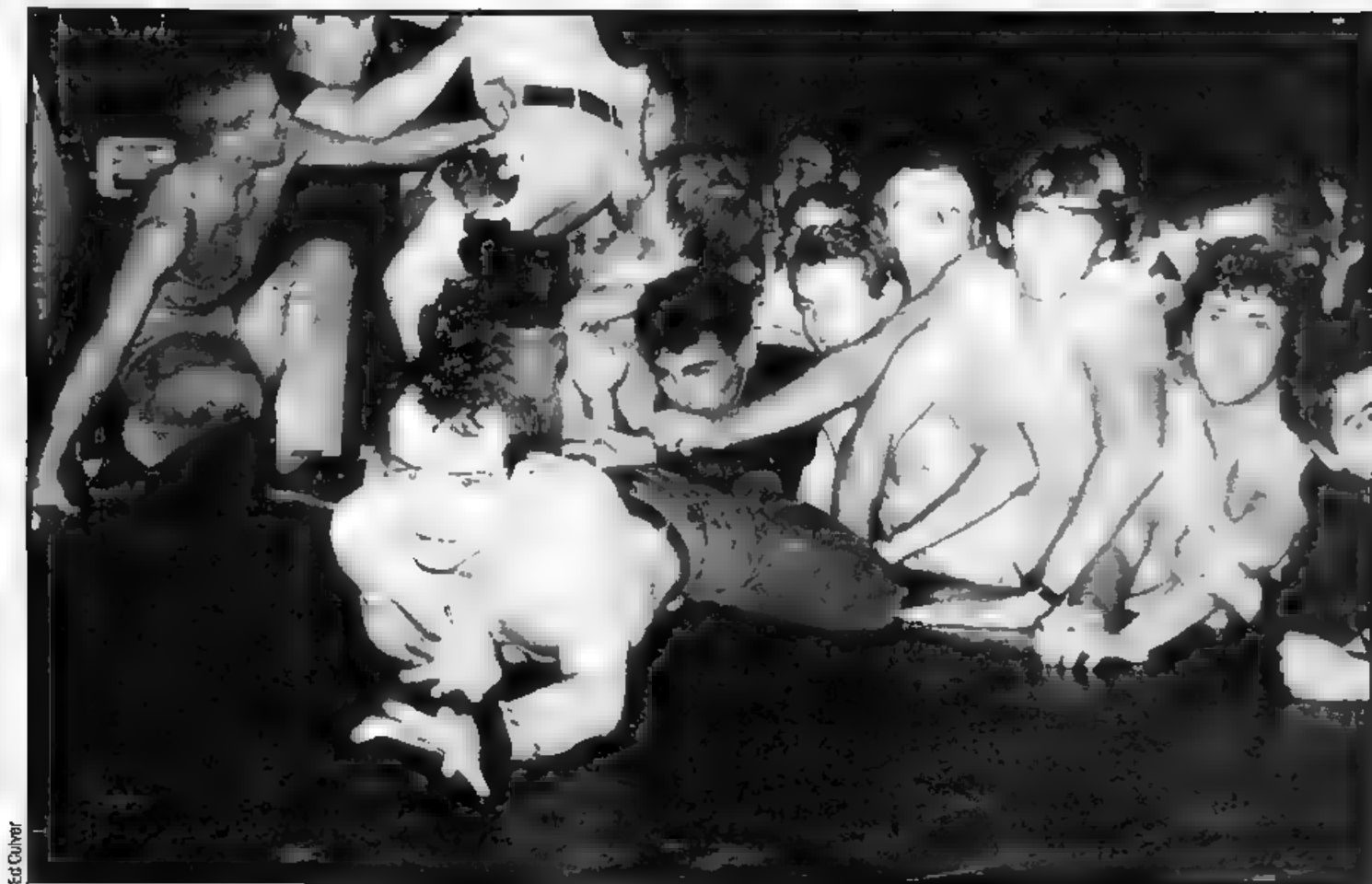
she already had the Punk look. "This was just me since forever. I dyed my hair green when I was fourteen, just for fun. I had my first clear plastic space suit when I was sixteen. I already had the black leather jackets, the leather boots, the whole trip. It was just me, who I am. When I hit S.F., people couldn't handle it at all... they would just back off."

Within three months Mary had found herself a band, the Britches. "I started taking BART to every high school in the East Bay to find musicians young enough to relate." She also found an audience and a club to perform in.

The Mabuhay Gardens was as unlikely a place to find rock 'n' roll as a Jewish synagogue. The club had hosted occasional theatrical successes but its

primary source of income was a supper show of dancing Filipino girls, and a Filipino Presley impersonator called Eddie Mesa, which is to say that business was not good, in spite of the club's location on S.F.'s neon-flashing, sexplorative Broadway strip. A small sign out front read THEATER FOR RENT.

Ness Aquino, the lease holder of the Mabuhay Gardens, wanted \$75 a night to rent his club—enough to pay the waitresses. Mary sensed his conservative attitude. "It would have never worked at that point if I had gone in there and been totally Punk rock, because he wouldn't have understood. So what I agreed on with him was that I'd put on a 'show' with costumes and props and skits. The deal was I could



Ed Culver

Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys.

come in on a Monday evening to try it out... the show ran for three weeks and kept building until Ness was so happy about it that I could do whatever I wanted."

Dirk Dirksen had been searching for an "organic living nightclub" in which others would do their trip and he could attempt to document contemporary music. Dirksen, the nephew of Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, was a Hollywood exile. Within a week of his arrival in San Francisco he investigated the Mabuhay and realized the free-standing structure wouldn't transfer sound to the surrounding area. Dirksen began booking "The Mab" on Mondays and Tuesdays with the Nickettes, an all-woman cabaret, and Ducks Breath Mystery Theater, an all-man comedy troupe. His productions out-grossed the week-ends. The "Nicks" ran for nine months and began production on a new show, leaving an opening for Ms. Monday.

Ness Aquino had bigger problems than a nearly empty Filipino supper club. He had also run up a tab with a number of liquor companies and the IRS. His conservative attitude was broad-

ened by the dollars rock 'n' roll brought to his box office. Because of Mary's popularity, other groups attracted to the club's bizarre atmosphere began to approach Aquino and Dirksen for a chance to play. The first was the Nuns, who borrowed some money to rent the Mabuhay late in 1976.

The Nuns have been alternately described as the "perfect platinum blonde surrounded by four street punks" or "one Peggy Lee with four Sal Muneos."



Stefano Paoillo

DOG of the Longshoremen.

They were fronted by three singers. Dietrick (a former roommate of Dee Dee Ramone), Jeff Olnier, a street poet, and Jennifer Miro, a 19-year-old blond bombshell who played keyboards. When asked about Jennifer's keyboard artistry in an interview, Olnier, who co-founded the group, remarked, "She knew how to play and everything." The rest of the band didn't, at least not in the beginning. The group started when Olnier and Alejandro Escovedo were making a film about a kid who wanted to be a rock star, but couldn't cut it. They were unable to find a band trashy enough, so they became the band and called themselves the Trashcans. "We were probably the worst band that ever played the face of the earth" was Olnier's description of the early Nuns. Miro's initial impression was, "This is the most repulsive band I ever saw. It's just perfect." And so, the unlikely marriage of beauty and the beasts. After a year of driving organic types to the streets with songs like "Decadent Jew," the Nuns melded into a three-chord wonder that caused lines to form on Broadway.

After the Nuns' early Mabuhay ap-

pearances, Dirksen arranged to have a videotape of them made and aired locally. In it the band cruised down the coastal highway in a Mercedes Benz, puking to their song "Suicide Child."

The spring and summer of 1977 saw a blaze of activity that was unmatched at any other time during this era. The arrival at the Mabuhay of bands like Devo, Blondie, the Dead Boys, the Screamers, the Zeros (three young Chicanos who'd eventually migrate to San Francisco), the Weardos, the Ramones and the Damned from England precipitated a fallout of local fans and later talent that exploded the scene into the public eye. The Damned in particular captured the imaginations of the locals.

Crime had not been far behind the Nuns in approaching the Mabuhay in search of the elusive gig, which had until late 1977 been nearly impossible to root out in San Francisco. Crime was difficult for audiences to comprehend musically, but they more than made up for it stylistically. Their shows were introduced with sirens and searchlights and they wore police uniforms onstage. In the words of one journalist "... they pull off the job with a calm and smoothness that is the antithesis of most punk bands."

The Avengers, on the other hand, didn't fare as well with the press early on. "They are so self-consciously New Wave and so serious about their punky image that you want to unfasten their safety pins near an activated electromagnet.... Penelope, the porcine lead singer, is like Judy Garland, overweight and downed-out in *Judgment at Nuremberg*, after a regulation Army crewcut. Can style be this clumsy?"

A new sense of style swept over the Punk community in June 1977 when CBS aired a documentary on English Punks. Up until that time only a few individuals who'd visited the United Kingdom had a sense of the English momentum. The scent of change was thickening. The Pistols' "Anarchy in the UK" could be heard rumbling from the warehouses South of Market, and along the alleys of North Beach. The documentary made Punk a movement. The formula had become public knowledge, and overnight the trappings sprouted in the form of spike hairdos, torn clothes and studded leather jackets.

By the end of 1977 the initial influx of bands had been reinforced by a flock of newcomers. The Nuns and Avengers had established themselves as the big draws. Bands such as Skidmarx, Tuxedo Moon, the Mutants and Negative

Trend all made their Mabuhay debuts in late 1977. Added to this was the announcement that the Sex Pistols would be making their American tour which culminated in San Francisco.

Winterland was by far the biggest stop on the Sex Pistols tour, in fact the show was the best attended of their career. San Francisco was lying in wait for them, having gobbled up the 6,540 tickets in a single day. The Avengers and the Nuns had been ordained to open the show. When it was over Rotten headed for his hotel in San Jose; Saint Sidney camped out with some Punkettes in the Haight, a perfect choice, where he managed to get in a West Coast OD; and guitarist Steve Cook with drummer Paul Jones wandered around town peering through boutique windows at displays commemorating their visit. Danny Furious, the Avengers drummer, later remarked, "The Pistols have been the only band to make a dent in the establishment—they exploited the media, they ripped off the record companies, and now they're over with. In a lot of ways Punk rock is over with—at least in its innocence, in its fashionable yet nonthreatening violence and all that shit! I mean, it was obvious at Winterland—everyone knew how to behave, everyone knew how to spit, how to dress—everyone knew how to pack the place. But it was just sensationalism, a spectacle."

With the passing of the Sex Pistols came an influx of energy and a short-lived sense of social obligation which was typified by the "Miners' Benefit" on March 20, 1978. The benefit was the branchchild of Howie Klein. Klein had toured England with the Clash in 1977 and returned to San Francisco full of idealism about how the music could raise social consciousness. With the support of the Dils, who by this time made their home in S.F., the idea of throwing a show to benefit striking coal miners in Appalachia caught on quickly. Everyone consented to play, with one glaring exception: Crime. "It was the kind of benefit that was easy to play and equally difficult to decline. Crime's refusal signaled their clear rejection of the S.F. scene's new spirit of solidarity, with its cutesy-pie political consciousness rooted in the long-discredited but ever-hopeful quagmire of '60s new left politics."

San Francisco Punks were very conscious of their images as "rebels without a cause" in the eyes of the English prototypes. Julie Burchill and Tony

Parsons, in their book, *The Boy Looked at Johnny*, summed up the American dream as "the vision of accumulating enough money to permit them (the Americans) to give the problems of the huddled masses a derisive finger." This was something that the English, primarily their beloved Sex Pistols, had been doing for some time. How else could one interpret Malcolm McLaren's "extracting cash from chaos" slogan? Does the admission make it politically correct, or does the cash justify the means?

The American Punk attitude was better represented by groups like the Dils, who summed it up like this: "America is pacified by irresponsible media distortions and falsifications such as: 'American punks aren't political because there's nothing wrong here' and 'Punks here are just middle class, well-educated kids.' But that doesn't necessarily invalidate revolutionary integrity. You don't have to be poor, black or on welfare to know it stinks."

The popularity of the Dead Kennedys was immediate and awesome. The initial appeal of the band was the lure of their admittedly sensational name. But Colorado-born singer Jello Biafra's stage presence was a slice of Iggy Pop topped with surreal protest lyrics.

In the early days Jello would spice up the act by letting the crowd shred his clothing, leaving him naked in their midst. Eventually he grew tired of this, and once refused to continue a show when a member of the audience absconded with his shoe. Instead, he sat stubbornly on the edge of the stage in front of 1,500 people while the DKs roared through instrumental versions of their songs.

The Kennedys were originally a quintet with two guitars, bass, drums and Jello, but the guitarist known as 6025 left the band early in their career. This left Biafra with the power trio of Klaus Floride on bass, East Bay Ray Glasser on echoplex guitar and Bruce Slesinger on drums. Slesinger later left to form his own band, the Wolvarnes, and was replaced by Darren Peligro, who had toiled with the Nubs, Speedboys, Hellabons and a group called SSI from time to time.

Early Kennedys songs included titles like "Kill the Poor," "Kidnap" (about Patty Hearst's kidnapping), and the ever-popular "California Uber Alles," a hilarious black lampooning of former governor Jerry Brown's presidential aspirations.

/ continued on page 84

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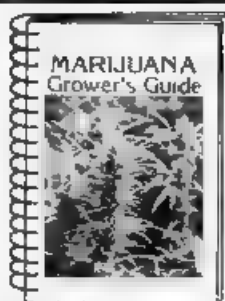


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ASK ED

/ continued from page 39

water. The brand was Noringyl 150 80. In a note he stated, "I used it on cucumbers also and got amazing results as far as I can tell."

I don't know whether these pills have any effect on pot, though. Perhaps some gardeners will field test this summer.

Dear Ed,

I have written to nurseries in several states trying to obtain some meadow saffron crocus bulbs. I have checked with nurseries in Kansas, Wyoming, Illinois and all of the larger ones in Kentucky. I was told that the reason the bulbs were no longer stocked was because of the plant's use in marijuana experimentation. Do you know where I can get the bulbs or the colchicine itself?

—L.S.

Brandenburg, Ky.

The bulblike part of the crocus is called a "corm." Corms can be purchased from Nichols Garden Nursery, 1190 North Pacific Hwy., Albany, OR 97321, or from Rosemary House, 120 S. Market St., Mechanicsburg, PA 17055. However, most crocus corms contain colchicine and can be used for the purpose.

Dear Ed,

I would like to know how to store marijuana for a long period of time, say a year, without affecting taste or THC content.

—John S. III

Marijuana deteriorates from contact with heat and light, especially in the presence of oxygen. The marijuana should be thoroughly dried and then sealed in a zippered-type plastic bag with the air sucked out of it. This package can be placed in a rigid container, so that it does not get crushed, and then placed in a refrigerator or freezer, for long-term storage. The marijuana will retain its freshness, flavor, aroma and potency.

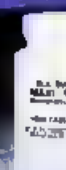
Dear Ed,

Can a state make possession and sale legal?

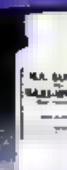
—Wisconsin farmer
Gotham, Wisc.

I spoke with Bob Pisani of the International Legal Defense Counsel in Philadelphia and discussed the question with him. He believes that the 1961 Single

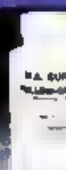
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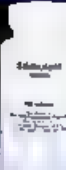
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Convention on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs binds this country to set up penalties for possession, use and sale. Federal law takes precedence over state laws and there are currently federal statutes proscribing the possession, cultivation and sale of marijuana. Therefore, no state can pass legislation authorizing the distribution of marijuana. However, states can eliminate the marijuana laws entirely from their books, that is, have no legislation regarding marijuana, without being in conflict with federal statutes. For instance, in Alaska, there is no state law regarding possession. It is legal as far as the state is concerned. But the feds could come into the state at any time and enforce the federal laws against possession. They have not done that yet.

Under the Constitution the most recently passed law takes precedence. The federal government could easily make a law that would legalize marijuana. This would put the government in hot water with the other signatories of the Single Convention. In order to stay cool with the international community the government would have to give notice that it was abrogating the treaty. It could also present the world with a partial denunciation of the treaty, leaving the hard-drugs part intact, but renouncing the marijuana section. Partial renunciations are frowned upon in the international community but they take place occasionally.

Bob Pisani recently wrote an article for the *Journal of Drug Issues* entitled "International Efforts to Reform Cannabis Laws." This paper deals with the international legal aspects of reforming this country's drug laws, especially in relation to the Single Convention on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Bob points the ways out of the treaty's marijuana provisions. He also gave a speech at the Institute for Future Research and Studies at the University of Akron on "Deviance and Mass Monitoring," which discusses the mass-monitoring procedures that are already in effect and which are planned. Both are available from him for \$10. You can write to him at International Legal Defense Counsel, 1420 Walnut St., Suite 315, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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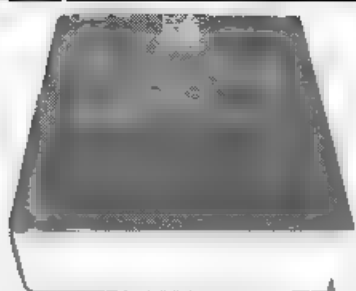
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LIFE

/ continued from page 62

walk out Sandra has him in the doorway, she has her hand around his balls and he smiles at me and says, "Sandra always makes me feel welcome."

"Well, hell, we don't have a 'Welcome' doormat so we do the best we can around here."

Sandra unleashes the dealer and he says, "I got a couple of free lines here." And I bring out the glass and the razor and we sit down and he sets it up, and then we have three lines and Sandra takes hers and the dealer takes his, then I suck mine in and I wait. I know that if he has cut it with too much speed I will react accordingly. On speed I get vicious. Not toward people except vocally. But I break things: mirrors, chairs, lamps, toilets; I take rugs, turn them over. Not much else. I never break dishes.

I wait. It's all right, he hasn't cut it with too much speed.

"Where's Deeva?" I ask. Deeva is his old lady. The one of the many dresses and shoes.

"She's doing the dishes," says the dealer.

She was some rare woman. She wore dresses and high heels and did the dishes.

I hand him two twenties and a ten, and he hands me the Ziploc.

"I still get a better high on booze," I tell him. "With this stuff there's no arrival point, it drops away and you have to boost yourself again."

"When you get the real shit," he says, "you'll stop drinking."

"Like seeing Christ, eh? Bring it around sometime."

"Better than Christ. No thorns, no hell. Just a gentle nothingness."

He walks to the door, his tiny little ass too tight in his pants. At the door he turns, grins.

"What was all that noise down here a while back?"

"Some black. Mad at his skin. And mine."

The dealer leaves.

Sandra is working on a couple of lines. If she's like me: chopping it seems more pleasurable than snorting it. I knew in the morning I'd have a suicide head. That the walls would be dark blue and that every meaning would be meaningless. It's like subtract from subtract. Cats with faces like dogs. Onions with spider legs. An American victory like a curtain of vomit. A bathroom with one tit, one ball. A toilet bowl that looks at you with the true blank face of

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a true dead mother.

But you only work on the morning when you get there.

I shout at Sandra: "I'll set up the next lines! You fucked me over last trip, yours was double thick!"

We are at the same old thing: arguing about lines.

Then, something else begins—there is this terrible deathly scream of a woman in fear of her life, and another woman screaming also:

"You whore, you whore, I'll kill you, you whore!"

We walk outside again. It is from the same hotel. One woman hangs out of a ninth-floor window verily by an arm and a leg, most of her body dangling as if to drop. The other woman is leaning out over her from above and beating at her with some object. It goes on and on, the sound of it is more painful to one than any imagined ugliness one might ever conceive of being in.

The helicopter is back. It flashes and fondles its light upon the agony of these bodies. The helicopter floats and circles, beaming its great light upon the ladies. Who continue as per se.

Sam marches out again with shotgun, looks at me.

I say, "Sam, go ahead, shoot those whores, they make too much noise!"

Sam lifts the gun, aims, fires. He blows away somebody's TV antenna. It falls in a whirl of arm and wire, that ever-fruitless tree diving into its deserved darkness.

Sam lowers his gun, walks back inside his court.

Sandra and I enter ours. I walk into the kitchen, look at the typer down there on the floor. It's a dirty floor. It's a dirty typer that types dirty stories.

Outside, the screaming continues, unresolved.

I remember the whiskey, pour myself one. Have it.

This is why I became a writer. This is why I fought my way out of the factories. This is the meaning and the way.

I walk back into the other room.

"I don't think I'll finish that story tonight," I say to Sandra.

"Who gives a fuck?" she asks.

"You have the soul of a centipede," I say.

There's nothing else as pleasant as being unpleasant when there's nothing else to do, and there's usually nothing else to do, and I take Sandra's wrist, twist it, take the razor and say, "I told you I was going to set up the next lines."

I lean forward and, with some dexterity, do that. □

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

THE COCAINE DRIVER-VEHICLE PROFILE

Mule hunting, as practiced on I-40 in old New Mexico—by Bob LaBrasca

IN NEW MEXICO ALONG INTERSTATE 40, state police are busting coke mules by droves. Between July '83 and January '84 they seized 1,574 pounds of cocaine, \$1.7 million in cash and 23 automobiles. By comparison, only 464 pounds of cocaine were confiscated in the Los Angeles area in all of 1983. Little, underpopulated New Mexico now ranks a strong third, behind California and Florida, in total weight of coke seizures.

I-40, of course, is predictably a cocaine corridor, linking the off-load zones of the Florida Peninsula with the insatiable noses of Southern California. I-10, the more direct, southerly alternative, passes through higher-security border areas and is undoubtedly recognized by traffickers as a riskier route. But the simple fact that I-40 traverses north central New Mexico does not explain the bust boom. If it were simply a matter of the state's location on a drug route, then all the other states along the southern cocaine corridor—and along I-95, the pipeline to New York, and along Interstates 65 and 75 reaching up to the Midwest—would be chalking up similarly impressive stats, which they are not.

No, the rise of New Mexico as the Bermuda Triangle of cocaine hauling has to be credited to the vigilance of New Mexico's state police and their development of potent, if constitutionally questionable, interdiction techniques. The Smokies have worked up a driver-vehicle profile of the typical coke mule and have used it productively—carefully maintaining a facade of neutrality and nondiscrimination in their stops.

The state cops have accomplished one other extraordinary feat: According to the daily *Albuquerque Journal*, "None of the drivers, when stopped for speeding or 'routine traffic checks' has refused officers' requests to search their vehicles." Now, before defense attorneys throughout America commence snickering at this claim, let it be known that in a good many of the New Mexico cases consent forms, signed by the charged drivers, are safely reposing in prosecutors' files at this moment. These

highway patrolmen have done their homework.

Most of the above information came to HIGH TIMES by way of Reber Boulton, a former Atlanta attorney who recently entered private practice in Albuquerque. Boulton is currently defending three I-40 drug cases, all involving alleged consent. In the course of investigation he has acquired the instructor's notes for a courier-apprehension training session conducted by the New Mexico state police—and they are revealing indeed.

The officers, it seems, are told to be on the lookout for rental cars with out-of-state plates—especially Florida, California and Louisiana—with "possible Cuban or Colombian" occupants. It is recommended that stops be made on the ostensible basis of a "solid traffic violation" or in the context of a "road-block done right," and officers are exhorted to give "equal treatment to all motorists" and "check all vehicles uniformly"; but much more training time evidently is devoted to indoctrinating trainees in the niceties of an extremely discriminatory "profile."

They are advised, for instance, to interview suspects as to their employment and purpose of travel, and to be suspicious of an "occupation that would not provide time and money to make LONG EXPENSIVE TIME AWAY FROM WORK type trip" [sic]. Inexplicably, the following are cited as particularly worthy of suspicion in this regard: electric-appliance repairmen, boutique workers, liquor-store clerks and plumbers. If a driver doesn't own the vehicle he's driving, he is asked how to contact the owner. Any implausible response or evasion is cause for further questioning.

Officers are also expected to watch for "people who do not fit the car they are driving," and to remember that "young people do not buy big four-door cars." The unkempt are singled out as well: "Some drivers don't look like they could buy gas for the car they are in." (Regular readers, no doubt, are here reminded of the Markonni "slumeball,

dirtbag theory"—see Case in Point, Mar. '84.) "Young men unshaven since they left, trying to drive straight thru' are candidates for special attention, as are drivers who appear "wild-eyed and nervous . . . jumpy on cocaine." But there are exceptions: "Latins have been calm, disarming, polite, clean, well-dressed." Even the presence of a child or "lady friend" in a car driven by a Latino is seen as a possible ruse.

No doubt about it, they've got our poor Latin friends coming and going. But it's not just the Latins, it's any swarthy, dark-haired outlanders who try to cross the state on I-40: Boulton is currently defending two Israelis snagged in the mule trap. This fetish for foreigners may go a long way, though, in explaining how it is that "consent" has become a factor in virtually all of these New Mexico cases. People raised in nations more authoritarian than the United States may have great difficulty comprehending the very idea of refusing the request of an armed officer of the law. And language problems can render meaningless even the signing of a consent form—especially if it is composed in the idiosyncratic legalese of a district attorney.

Questions are certain to be raised about the "neutrality" of these wonderfully sophisticated police procedures, as the New Mexico "profile" is adopted by other states linked via Interstate highway to cocaine ports of entry. The Drug Enforcement Administration has been deeply interested in these highway seizures and is undoubtedly beseeching other state police forces to "get involved."

Certainly, by now, national conferences of highway cops are featuring seminars on the subject, headed by New Mexican officers, flushed with pride. The same fellow, whose notes are memorialized here, is probably teaching one of them, and he's doubtless still using this informative line: "Some smugglers are sharp, but they are using lots of dummies as mules, that do sign consents." □

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MANIA

/ continued from page 65

There is a conspiracy. A worldwide conspiracy of horses' asses."

The view that Beatrix is not blindly pro-NATO was confirmed a few weeks later. In September 1983 the Reverend Jesse Jackson had an audience with the Dutch queen. There is an unwritten understanding that a gentleman does not tell the press what the queen tells the gentleman in private. Either Jackson didn't know it, or he ignored it. He told AP that the queen was in favor of the postponement of the deployment of new missiles in Holland. The Queen's *Rijksvoorlichtingdienst*, or PR office, denied she said it. Jesse Jackson claimed not to know of the rules governing a conversation with a monarch. The question, though: How did Jesse Jackson get to see Queen Beatrix? He was in England the day before and only got to see riot-torn Brixton.

When I phoned Stefan about this he said, "Probably through Claus's Third World socialist contacts. After all Claus's family had estates in German East Africa, now Tanzania. When he was a diplomat for the Bonn government he was assigned to West Africa. In fact, there seems to have been a mark put next to his name then for a homosexual indiscretion. You see, he's very close to the Third World. In the mid-'70s he headed a Dutch government commission on development aid. But the interesting question about the incident is: Was Jesse Jackson set up to blow his first attempt at foreign relations? Or did the queen use his innocence to make a statement she knew would get into the American press? Or were they in collusion?"

Back in Amsterdam we went to a café. Oltmans was not interested in speaking about the royal family anymore. He dominated our tête-à-tête with stories about his recent visit to Surinam, the former Dutch colony on the northeast coast of South America. At the end of 1982 they had a military takeover led by a man named Bouterse. Known as "The Commander," Bouterse set himself up as a kind of jungle king, an Emperor Jones for the '80s. His first governmental actions were the shooting of journalists and lawyers, judges and trade-union leaders. This short sharp shock brought him great popularity with the masses; if nothing else, it raised the morale of the survivors. It was, however, a no-no with World Bank and human-rights types. Over 80 percent of the foreign exchange of Surinam comes from

Alcoa, an American company.

"There are a lot of stories about Bouterse cutting off the penises of those people before he had them shot," Oltmans told me in a confidential tone, fixing me with his cold blue eyes. "But, he does have very nice legs."

Soon after I returned home the doorbell rang. It was Piero Heliczer, the well-known, Harvard-educated vagabond poet. One of his well-known complaints is, "Bob Dylan used to come to my poetry readings in the early '60s and write down my lines. Now people tell me I sound like Bob Dylan." This has nothing to do with his having been declared a lunatic in not one, but three countries. Today Piero was wearing sneakers, short pants and a sailor shirt, making him look like the child film star he was, in early Rossellini films. *Aha*, I thought, *it's my day, another monarchist*.

About three years ago I attended the coronation—Piero crowned *himself* Emperor of Europe, and I see no reason for denying that he is. We both agree on at least one thing: All hope is not lost of finding some healing way of meditation to soothe the agony of Europe's soul.

Currently, the Emperor of Europe is living in a storefront, a former Chinese opium den on the Zeedijk, one of the most dangerous streets in the world. The Chinese are trying to have him evicted, but he thinks things will go better when he brings poetry readings to the area.

"What can I do for you, Piero?" I asked cautiously, since like all rulers, he usually makes an appeal for funds. Once I allowed him to sell me a bottle of Lourdes water; another time, a feather from the Holy Ghost.

Without my having told him anything of my day's activities, Piero instinctively imparted a most valuable piece of intelligence, derived from revelation. He said:

"I had a vision about how my father died" (During the war Piero and his family lived in Rome. His father was arrested and killed by the Germans. That much is fact; Piero lives on a \$100-a-month compensation from this war crime.) "Well," he said, "in this vision I saw my father. In the same room was Prince Claus in his *Totenkopf* uniform. Claus forced my father to suck his cock, then tortured him to death. I saw it happening! So I checked up. And indeed, Claus was in Italy during the war. See! My vision must be true. So that's why Claus had a nervous breakdown. Guilt! Guilt over my father's murder. But I wrote him a letter to say all is forgiven." □

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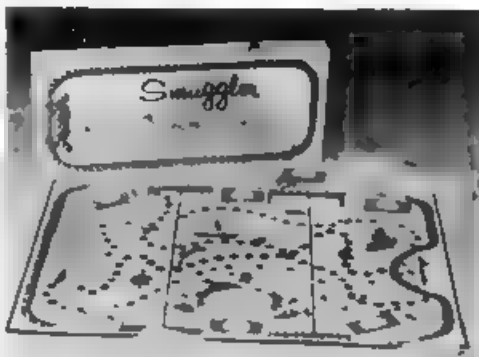


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poses no ethical problems for our consciences. In fact, the more anxiety the better. We're talking about a *dangerous drug* here!

The indications that marihuana smoking may have more serious adverse consequences than tobacco smoking *over time* is a nice fillip, if we say so ourselves. These particular "indications," of course, refer to a host of test-tube and petri-dish experiments in which we scientists, by saturating isolated lung tissues with pure THC and condensed marihuana extracts, have succeeded in mucking it up just beautifully. And certainly, the same thing might happen to the lungs of a person who smoked marihuana for a sufficient period of *time*—like a couple hundred million years.

Decreased Sperm Count and Sperm Motility

This is our "below-the-belt special," and we are very proud of it indeed. When researchers first reported on the infinitesimal, but statistically evident, decrease in sperm count that occurs briefly while a male smoker is stoned, we confess that we made little of it. We were afraid people might misunderstand and conclude that this transient/statistical drop in sperm count would render marihuana a serviceable male contraceptive. Since the phenomenon is only *statistically evident*, and not *clinically significant*, that would have promoted a lot of surprise pregnancies. So we kept mum about this one throughout the so-called Sexual Revolution.

When it became expedient to invent the rumor that marihuana annuls the sex drive, however, we trotted this one out, dusted it off and made it sound like a permanent, chronic condition. It's all in the punctuation: Men who smoke marihuana have diminished sperm counts. Just for a little while. While they're stoned. Then their sperm count goes back to its usual level. And it's not *much* of a sperm-count drop in any case. And if you cut out every sentence in this paragraph except for the first one, you're not *lying*. Technically, anyhow.

As to sperm "motility," that only refers to how nimbly the little beggars wriggle around, on the statistical average. It's just a good forbidding-sounding science word we toss in to raise the general anxiety level of

marihuana smokers, and all their friends and relatives.

Interference with Ovulation and Prenatal Development

Researcher Carol Grace Smith's marihuana reports require splendidly little editorial abridgement or elaboration. In 1978, at Baylor College in Texas, Smith took some female rhesus monkeys, and administered to them every day 2.5 milligram doses of pure synthetic delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) per kilogram of their body weight. In a 120-pound (48-kilogram) human woman, this would be equivalent to a dose of 120 milligrams of THC, whereas ordinarily, marihuana smokers self-titrate only six milligrams THC from a joint to achieve a satisfying drug "high" (Perez-Reyes, 1981). And even though in fact Smith fed her monkeys this 2.5 mg/kg dose *three times daily*, she still stated in her report that her dosages were equivalent to the daily intake of a moderate human marihuana smoker.

Smith fed these female monkeys these dosages of THC daily throughout the luteal phase of their menstrual cycles—the phase through which the egg develops in the ovary—and measured their hormone function. At first, for a few days, she recorded a notable drop of prolactin in the animals: prolactin being the "inhibitory" hormone that reduces the activity of "active" sex hormones. Once the monkeys had become tolerant to the drug, however, their prolactin levels returned to normal, and the luteal phase of menstruation proceeded without event.

On the last day of the monkeys' luteal phase, Smith proceeded to suspend THC administration completely. The result was a massive upsurge of prolactin, well above normal values, as could have been expected. If the monkeys' endocrine systems had adjusted to THC's continuous suppression of prolactin by generating *more* prolactin to get around the THC block—which is merely the classic phenomenon of "tolerance," seen with virtually all drugs—then inevitably a cold-turkey cutoff of THC would promote a temporary rebound excess of prolactin. The prolactin rebound, in fact, should have been so great that the prolactin would suppress all active sex hormones and prohibit the release of the egg from the ovary: which, in fact, was precisely what Smith observed and reported.

Smith's THC-treated monkeys did

not ovulate on the day after their luteal phase was complete, Smith reported. And she went further in her report and said that this suggested that "marihuana" may cause "anovulatory periods"; this was immediately reported everywhere from "Good Morning, America" to the *New York Times*. And Dr. Smith said it all herself, with no need for us NISA scientists to edit her papers at all. Dr. Smith is no longer at Baylor, but enjoys a quite prestigious post at the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences. As fellow scientists, we at NISA would like to inquire why our own marihuana work has not so far reaped any such bounteous reward. All we've been getting is Stockman budget cuts.

As for "prenatal development," this refers to the feeding of 2.5 mg/kg pure THC, thrice daily, to some female monkeys at the University of California at Davis, every single day, day in and day out, year in and year out, right from the time of their *weaning*, past puberty, and well into maturity. Then these female monkeys were mated, and turned out to produce a 40 percent higher rate of stillbirths than a matched group of female monkeys who had not been dosed with pure synthetic delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol three times a day, every single day, from infancy to adulthood and throughout their pregnancies. It is Dr. Ethyl Sassenrath at Davis who is to be commended for so exuberantly communicating this disturbing new scientific evidence of marihuana's baby-killing liability to the television and wire services. But we at NISA have also striven mightily to keep this one alive and kicking from that day to this day, and we expect to be properly rewarded for it some time soon, or else.

Impaired Immune Response

This one is the hobbyhorse of Dr. Gabriel Nahas, chairman of the Anesthesiology Department at Columbia University, and that should be about all we are obliged to say about it. The work of Dr. Nahas constitutes an achieved and permanent standard by which to measure all marihuana report-writing, and we all humbly strive to emulate the man, as best we can, by our own efforts in this line.

Possible Adverse Effects on Heart Function

This one lay ignored for many years after researchers first discovered that first-time marihuana smokers experience an accelerated heartbeat

immediately after inhaling the first puff, and for some time thereafter. It wasn't very much of an acceleration, and it wasn't dangerous for ordinary people, and both the rate of acceleration and the period of time it lasted diminished greatly as users became accustomed to the drug. Users didn't even notice it, and nobody made much of it until it became expedient to assemble scientific proof that marihuana sickens and murders its users in every possible variety of gruesome pathology.

Now we call it "marihuana-induced tachycardia," and suggest that marihuana heart attacks ought to be a fairly commonplace occurrence—especially among small children, whose very tiny body weight renders them nearly as susceptible to all the speculative horrors of marihuana and THC as rhesus lab monkeys. Look what we did to those lab monkeys, kid! You want that to happen to you? You better keep off the grass, then, dammit!

We crave the gentle reader's pardon. The field of abuse-drug research is a notoriously stressful enterprise. It is a mine-field of controversy, a loony bin presided over by notorious quacks and cranks and drug-industry crooks and political millenarians. When you make it to the top of any pole *this* greasy, as we have, you're expected to crack up now and then. Fetch me a scotch, Hernando, while I plunge on to the last of these miserable chotchkas.

By-Products of Marihuana Remain in Body Fat for Several Weeks with Unknown Consequences. The Storage of These By-Products Increases the Possibility for Chronic Effects as Well as Residual Effects on Performance Even After the Acute Reaction to the Drug Has Worn Off.

And one exceedingly fatty organ of the body is, of course, the brain. The syllogism is irresistibly simple, especially to the simpleminded:

Marihuana by-products collect in fatty body tissues.

The brain is an exceedingly fatty body tissue.

Marihuana by-products collect in brain. Q.E.D.

Now, what do we mean by "marihuana by-products"? Delta-9 THC is the *prime* marihuana by-product, of course, which definitely does enter the brain, and all the other fatty tissues of the body, instantly after it passes out of the lungs into the

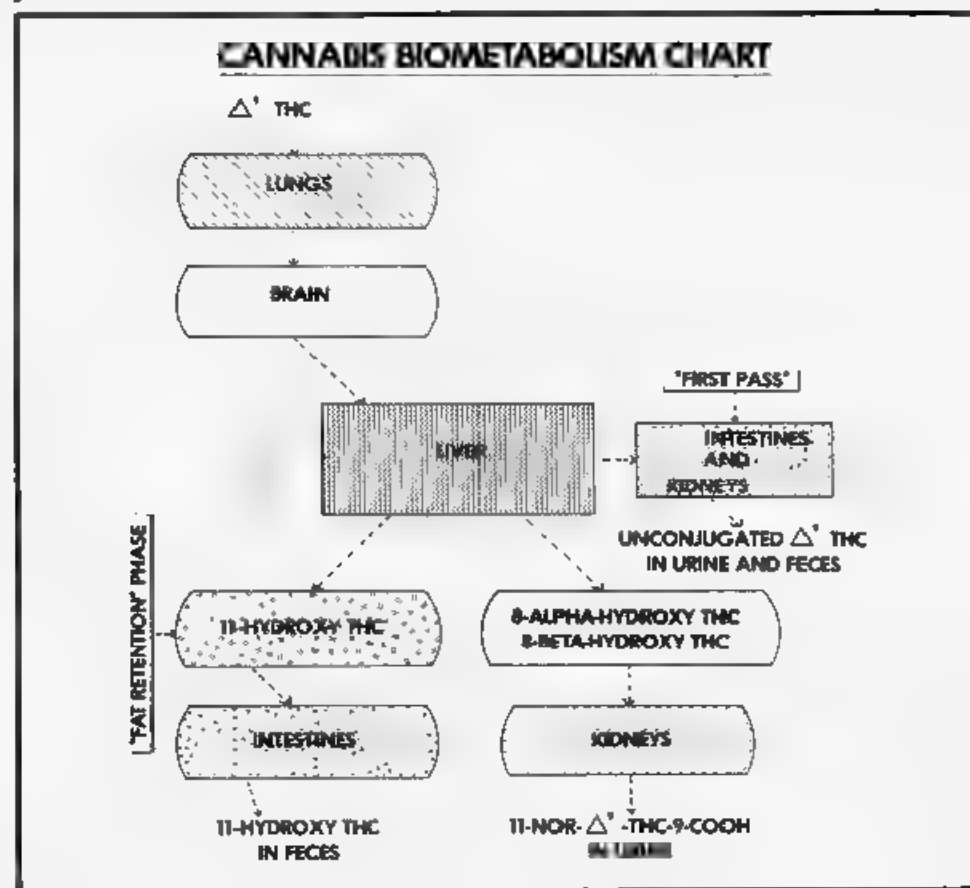
bloodstream. (This makes blood tests for marihuana infernally impractical, but that's another story.) After about four hours, the THC is washed out of all these fatty tissues, and passes to the liver for detoxification. In the liver, a good deal of it is converted by enzymes into a metabolite called "11-hydroxy THC," which passes into the intestines for elimination in the feces, within a few days. A great deal of the rest is changed into a metabolite called "9-carboxy THC" (shorthand for "11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid"), which binds up with fatty-acid bodies in the digestive system. And *this* metabolite is the one that is retained for weeks in the body's fatty tissues before it's eliminated in urine.

Does 9-carboxy THC collect and accumulate in the brain? This is entirely possible, and even very probable, in those regrettable cases where an individual's brain is situated midway between his spleen and pancreas. The rest of us ought to be pretty much immune to this particular adverse health consequence of marihuana, thanks to the blood-brain barrier, as certain researchers have been indiscreet enough to remark in print (Nahas, 1981). (Yes, that's "Nahas, 1981," *Journal of Clinical Pharmacology*, Oct. 1981 "The kinetics of cannabinoid distribution and storage, with particular reference to the brain and

tests." Check it out.)

The extravagantly prolonged retention time of 9-carboxy THC among the body's digestive fatty acids *could* tempt us, as scientists, to speculate that the chronic abuse of this dangerous narcotic must cause grave abdominal pathology among its most susceptible user populations—women, children, Negroes, Mexicans, etc., etc. When money was flush at NISA, several researchers did briefly involve themselves with expensive investigations into the speculative possibilities of marihuana-induced pancreatitis, enteritis, constipation, diarrhea and so on. But we decided that since everybody in this country nowadays knows *someone* who smokes marihuana (cf., Dupont's jeremiads about "the marihuana epidemic," *ad nauseam*), and most of them share the undoubtedly erroneous belief that marihuana users enjoy robust appetites and superb digestion—well, we have tentatively concluded that a full-fledged media panic over marihuana-impaired *kishkas* would be too large a pill for even the idiot media to comfortably swallow. As it were. Although, to be sure, we stand ever ready to cook up such a scare, in an instant, at the first hint that there might be a government dollar in it for us.

/ continued on page 83



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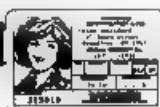


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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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533 CHOCOLATE AND BOOZE FIGOAT. Skyrocketing corn prices have turned out to be a blessing in disguise for pigs—because farmers are now fattening up their hogs on a diet of chocolate and booze!

When the summer drought drove corn prices up, many farmers began feeding their pigs cookies and milk. They found chocolate chips to be the favorite.

"Pigs love chocolate," said Robert Easter, a professor of swine nutrition at the University of Illinois.

A growing number of farmers turned to distillery and brewery mashies to feed their hogs to save money. "They'll stagger around like a drunk person for a few days when they first start eating it, but after a few days they adjust and are okay," said W. David Spalding of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Weekly World News,
Nov. 8, 1983

534 "MONTIMBO" IS THE NEW ARNALD de Borchgrave-Robert Moss thriller novel about how the Soviets and Cubans seek to ruin the U.S. by stirring racial tensions and shoveling drugs and criminals past our borders faster than we can deal with same. Here is food for thought from this fast-paced fiction.

"If the American government were serious about stopping the [drug] plague, it would napalm the poppy fields and spray the marijuana plantations with paraquat, and to hell with the reactions of the foreign countries where the stuff was grown. The Air Force would be ordered to shoot down any unidentified plane approaching South Florida. The Navy would be told to forget about territorial limits, hunt down the smugglers' mother ships and blow them out of the water. And the Julio Parodis [drug dealers] would be sent to the slammer for life."

Amid all this tough talk, by the way, the fictional President is named Newgate. He resembles Ronald Reagan.

Liz Smith,
New York Daily News,
Oct. 18, 1983

535 MY OWN CONVICTION IS THAT IF a man will take to stimulants, the juice of the poppy is as harmless as any other source of excitement, and then it has

this strong recommendation, it never makes a man foolish, it never casts a man into a ditch, or under the table; it never deprives him of his wits or his legs. It allows a man to be a gentleman; it makes him visionary, but his visions create no noise, no riots; they deal no blows, blacken no one's eyes, and frighten no one's peace. It is the most quiet and unoffending relief to which the desponding and distressed, who have no higher recourse, can appeal.

The Reverend Walter Colton,
"Turkish Sketches," 1836,
via D. Latimer and J. Goldberg,
Flowers in the Blood, 1981

536 IT [HASHISH] DESTROYS THE MIND. It cuts short the reproductive capacity, produces elephantiasis, passes on leprosy, attracts diseases, produces tremulousness, makes the mouth smell foul, dries up the semen, causes the hair of the eyebrows to fall out, burns the blood, causes cavities in the teeth, makes the limbs inactive, causes a shortage of breath, generates strong illusions, diminishes the powers of the soul, reduces the modesty, makes the complexion yellow, blackens the teeth, riddles the liver with holes, inflames the stomach, and leaves in its wake a bad odor in the mouth as well as a film and diminished vision in the eye and increased pensiveness in the imagination. It generates in those who eat it laziness and sluggishness. It turns a lion into a beetle and makes a proud man humble and a healthy man sick. If he eats he cannot get enough. If he is spoken to, he does not listen. It makes the well-spoken person dumb, and the sound person stupid. It takes away every manly virtue and puts an end to youthful prowess. Furthermore, it destroys the mind, stunts all natural talent, and blunts the sharpness of the mental endowment. It produces gluttony, making eating the addict's preoccupation and sleep for him a characteristic situation. But he is remote from slumber, driven out of Paradise, and threatened with God's curse unless he gnashes his teeth in repentance and puts his confidence in God.

Muhammad az-Zarkashi,
Islamic judge, c. 1350

537 EMERGENCY ROOM CASES [involving cocaine] in New York City hospitals increased 158% between 1980 and 1981, to a total of nearly 2,000.

There were 101 deaths in 1980 [the latest figures available], up from 34 in 1979.

Famous cocaine users of the past include Sigmund Freud, Sarah Bernhardt, Jules Verne, Queen Victoria and Pope Leo XIII. More recent enthusiasts have been football stars Hollywood Henderson and Mercury Morris, welterweight boxing champion Aaron Pryor, comedian Richard Pryor, and film producers Julia Phillips and Bob Evans.

Dr. Arnold Washton of Regent Hospital notes that rhesus monkeys self-administering morphine will increase their dosage until they find a level they are happy with. They can then live indefinitely, stoned, as long as they eat and sleep. Cocaine-addicted monkeys will ignore food, sex and sleep and keep hitting a metal bar which injects the drug into them from an intravenous tube fixed to their backs, until they die. It generally takes 30 days for a healthy monkey to kill himself in this way. "No other drug known to man is so psychoactively powerful," Washton states. "Animals just don't commit suicide" (except with cocaine). Dr. Karl Verebey adds

John Lombardi in the
New York Sunday News
Magazine, Jan. 20, 1984

538 THE WINE QUESTION. The wine question is one that disturbs many a dinner-giving family. Shall wine be served or not, is a growing problem. Society has at last reached the point where it is not considered a breach of good form to serve a dinner without wine. Such a course is sanctioned by the example of many high social leaders; and when it is the result of a temperance principle it has the respect of every diner-out. No lady or gentleman will find fault with the absence of wine at his host's table. It is good form for a host to serve or not serve wine, just as he chooses. Apollinaris [a mineral water] can be made to take the place of stronger waters, and no embarrassment follow. The hostess who simply does not offer wine to any guest under any circumstances, is using her influence effectively and courageously in the cause of temperance and in support of Christian principles.

G.H. Sandison,
"How to Behave,"
Christian Herald, N.Y., 1895

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NISA

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But we have elected instead to extend the above-cited simpleminded syllogism one predicate further: marihuana by-products do so collect in the brain, and therefore they continuously impair a person's performance at tasks demanding concentration and motor-sensory coordination. "Motor" is the key word here, of course: extrapolated to the limit, this syllogism leads irresistibly to the conclusion that anyone who smokes marihuana with any regularity, even once every weekend, is medically incompetent to operate a motor vehicle (Willette in *Amalgamated Transit Workers Union, Division 1225 v. Greyhound Company*, 1983 Greyhound lost, by the way). Anyone who smokes marihuana any more often than once every two weeks will always have residual 9-carboxy THC traces in his or her urine, easily detectable by GC/MS urinalysis assays. If we can successfully construe the presence of 9-carboxy THC in urine to indicate cognitive deficit and motor-sensory impairment on the part of the urine donor, then we can take all their cars away from them, and maybe then they'll wise up and keep off the damned grass!

Of course, Perez-Reyes in 1982 threw a spanner into this one by infusing a group of human subjects intravenously with pure 9-carboxy THC, and discovering that it did not impair them in any way at all; they didn't even notice it was there, Perez reported, (*Journal of Pharmacological Therapy*, May 1982), even though he gave them a dose nearly as huge, milligram for kilogram, as Carol Grace Smith and Ethyl Sassenrath were feeding their wretched monkeys. If we were to extrapolate this report as simplemindedly as we extrapolate the ones we don't suppress, then we'd have to conclude that even if 9-carboxy THC does collect in the brain, it doesn't make any difference, because the stuff is absolutely devoid of psychoactive or bioactive properties.

We are not about to do that terrible thing, however. At least not so long as lucrative "consulting" positions are still being offered by large drug-industry corporations which merchandise commercial drug-urinalysis devices. Have no bloody fear of that! And those are the adverse health consequences of marihuana.

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SOUNDS

/ continued from page 68

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I will be Fuhrer one day
I will command all of you
Your kids will meditate in school

(chorus)
California Uber Alles
Uber Alles California

Zen fascists will control you
100% natural
You will jog for the master race
And always wear the happy face

Close your eyes can't happen here
Big Bro on white horse is near
The hippies won't come back you say
Mellow out or you will pay

Now it's 1984
Knock knock at your front door
It's the suede/denim secret police
They have come for your uncool niece

Come quietly to the camp
You'd look nice as a draw-string lamp
Don't worry it's only a shower
For your clothes here's a pretty flower

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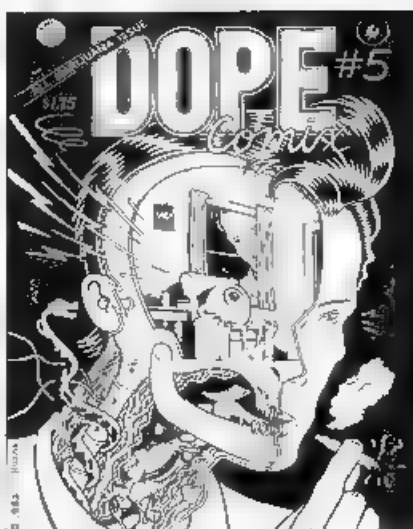
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Biafra's antics onstage included grimacing, Nazi salutes, tantric prayer-posturing and, of course, the usual table-demolishing, drink-dumping rock 'n' roll shock tactics.

During the summer of 1978 the Mutants and Crime both played unusual gigs outside S.F.'s city limits. In June the Mutants performed for the patients at the State Mental Asylum in Napa where it was difficult to tell the members of the band from those of the audience. In an equally ironic gesture Crime took their show, complete with cop uniforms, inside the walls of San Quentin prison on September 4.

Valencia Street in the Mission District of San Francisco is an unusual thoroughfare. At the north end of the street are numerous motorcycle shops, a Ba'Hai temple, a thriving Greek community, the American Indian Center, a black-dominated housing project and a growing lesbian community. Further down the road as you pass 16th Street, in an area infested with burrito stands, a Communist bookstore, a crater left by a burnt building where 12 died and an

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The Crying Need for More Marihuana Research

"...What little we know for certain about the effects of marijuana [sic] on human health—and all that we have reason to suspect—justifies serious national concern."

—*Marijuana [sic] and Health*: National Academy of Sciences, Institute of Medicine, 1982

It was not until after we marihuana researchers had elucidated the role of delta-9 THC in the inhibition of prostaglandin synthesis (Burstein, 1972) that respectable researchers were able to determine that aspirin abolishes pain and reduces inflammation and swelling by exactly the same inhibitory process. We know more about marihuana, that is, than we know about *aspirin*, thanks to the billions of government dollars that were pumped into abuse-drug research at NISA by the administrations of Nixon, Ford and Carter. Times were flush in those glory days,

and we learned more about marihuana than we presently know about penicillin, or alcohol, or Dilantin or Thorazine or Swiss cheese. Marihuana is indisputably the most extensively studied drug in the entire pharmacopoeia, licit or illicit, with over 10,000 research reports on it published in just the last 10 years.

Most of these reports are not worth reading, of course, and are of significance only to their authors, who won grant money and academic credentials for conducting the projects. [As late as 1979, NISA was budgeting megabucks for experiments designed to decorate male lab rats with female teats, courtesy of delta-9 THC.] However, projects like Dr. Smith's at Baylor, and Dr. Sassenrath's at Davis, genuinely did contribute a great deal to our basic understanding of how all drugs work in the body—and of how the body itself works, forsooth.

As an investigative tool for elucidating fundamental biological processes in living animals, marihuana is ideal. As we scientists have proven, time and again, you can dose the little critters with twice their own body weight in pure THC, and they won't die on you. But they will exhibit fascinating little endocrinological

changes that can be systematically teased out, observed and measured. And so, by using marihuana, we can safely and expediently pry into the most esoteric mysteries of mammalian biological processes, without killing the little critters, and having to scheme up a less lethal research protocol. Just try giving the critters that much *aspirin* in a single dose, and watch 'em go paws up.

Thanks to this happy factor, we can count on support for continued marihuana research appropriations, even from respectable colleagues who despise the way we sucked up to the liberals under Carter, and then did a "180-degree reversal" (Dupont, 1983) and sucked up to the reactionaries who came in with Reagan. To conduct research with any Schedule I Controlled Substance, like marihuana, even respectable scientists need NISA approval, by federal law. We may not have much money anymore, but at least we've got the power of denying marihuana and THC to legitimate researchers. So when we wheedle for more bucks for pot research, these guys know better than to come out and call us frauds and crooks for the record. In fact, of course, we are scientists. We are not a crook. □

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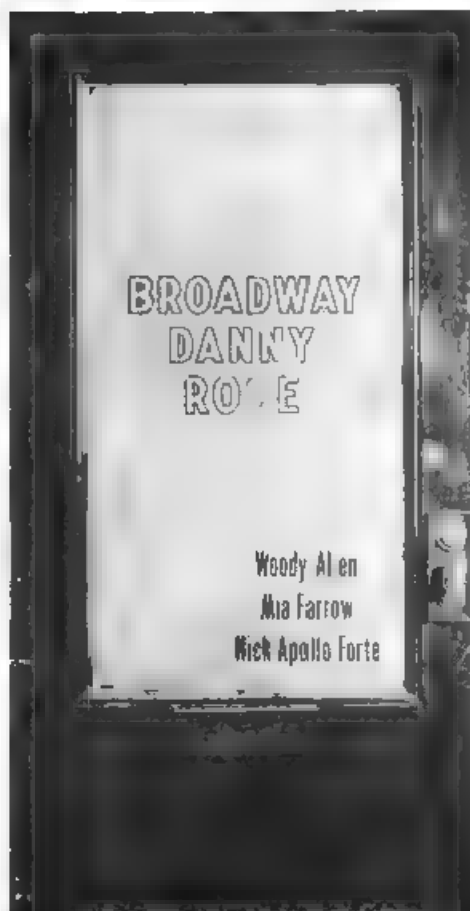
ORCHIDS FOR DANNY ROSE

The Woodman's most accomplished film so far features a bizarre cast, none of whom would be caught dead at Elaine's.



If *Manhattan* and *Annie Hall* gave us Woody Allen's bittersweet and slightly sarcastic vision of New York City's urban intellectuals—all those people who might browse through Bloomingdale's on the way to a new Bergman at the Baronet with a *Village Voice* folded under their arms—then his wonderful new comedy, *Broadway Danny Rose*, is an even fonder, funnier tribute to a different New Yorker: one Allen knows no less wittily, no less well. This is the Manhattan of third-rate show biz: a kind of Catskills-on-the-Hudson—the ratty agents' offices, the clubs, dives and cabarets, crooners who sing "Volare" and plant smackers on housewives at ringside, borscht-belt refugees, animal acts and all those stand-up comics who ever said, "Take my wife. . . Please!"

Broadway Danny Rose, an especially brilliant creation of Woody's, is a small-time agent and talent manager. He's an agent with an almost ruinous professional impediment: he has a soft heart, a heart as big and catchy as the Jewish good-luck charm (the *chai*) bouncing on his chest. Danny is a perpetual-motion motormouth who pinwheels frantically,



arms flapping like semaphores, pumping out nonstop non sequiturs, jive and flattery in the service of his clients—a sorry crew that includes one-armed jugglers, blind xylophonists, balloon-twisting acts, parakeet troupes and women who play show tunes on water glasses.

Danny loves them all, cares for them all, *bleeds* for them all. He's like a running wound crossed with a squawkbox and a Jewish mother with an endless supply of chicken soup—the unlikely agent *killing* himself in the service of these unlikely clients.

There's one star in Danny's stable: Lou Canova, a fat Italian crooner (beautifully played by Nick Apollo Forte, whom Allen apparently discovered on a remaindered record album) with a taste for booze, blondes and lasagna. Canova is a '50s "sensation" two decades later: in his prime he was almost as big as Julie La Rosa (after Godfrey fired him). The relationship between the manager and the crooner is tight, touching. Danny is the Svengali for fat, floundering Lou: picking his suits, orchestrating his mike gestures, agonizing over his arrangements.

But, as you might expect from Allen, this isn't a buddy-buddy movie; it's a heterosexual love story—a love-on-the-run story, actually, with Danny and Lou's mistress, Tina Vitale (Mia Farrow, a gum-chewing knockout in sunglasses, piled hair and falsies)—both on the lam from a pair of psychopathic, acne-faced Mafia hitmen, who believe Tina drove their brother to the brink of suicide and that Danny is the mysterious lover who sends her one white rose every day. With these two *Mean Streets* refugees at their heels, love blossoms as the couple race desperately to the opening (before Milton Berle himself) that might revive Lou's sagging career. It's the story of two mismatched lovers—the dreamer and the cynic, the wimp and the moll, the dork and the dish—and of Allen and the city itself, the whole sleazy lox, bagels and neon milieu he portrays with such irreverent, prodigal affection.

Upon sober consideration—as sober as I can make it—I've decided that *Broadway Danny Rose* is my favorite Woody Allen picture; even at worst, it's in a dead heat with *Manhattan* (my previous favorite). It's fast, funny, tender, poignant, wistful and marvelous. There's a special gleam about it, a high finish that suggests it's a movie for the long haul, a comedy classic in the same league as the better films of Chaplin, Keaton, Hawks, Lubitsch, Capra and McCarey. (I realize that sounds excessive, but I've got to stick with my instincts.) Woody Allen's whole special style, his soulfully spastic image and persona, all come together in *Danny Rose*, and sometimes not in ways we might have expected. He's not really playing an intellectual, for example, or even an intellectual manqué, and his strivings and aspirations seem smaller, more circumscribed. Danny Rose is also fuller-hearted, and, in a peculiar way, more "streetwise," more "adjusted" than almost any other character Allen has played.

Danny Rose is a schmo, but he's not the kind of schmo we could have expected after *Stardust Memories* and *Zelig*. He's a schmo, who—until the end, when we get closer—seems to be afflicted with unawareness, comfortable in his fate, trapped in an elaborate self-delusion. We don't get exactly those moments of rabbitry self-doubt and panic that Allen specializes in. When Danny Rose panics, he usually has eminently good reasons for it (like imminent death). He's accident-prone, but



Danny counsels icy Tina (yes, that's Mia) at the Mafia mansion.

he's also versatile and resourceful; and when he discusses the necessity for guilt with Tina, it's without any tortured introspection.

Danny is kinder, sweeter, less self-absorbed than almost any character Allen has ever done. That's the reason Tina falls for him, and that's part of the movie's special joke. Danny's is a profession that has almost legendarily slummy connotations of corrupt, wheedling opportunism. (I apologize in advance to all the booking agents and personal managers that are about to write me in. I didn't mean you, guys. Honest.) Yet he's a sort of screwball saint—endlessly kind, endlessly self-abasing, the shut off his back for everyone.

Here the cliché is turned on its axis: it's Danny's clients who do him in. Whenever one of them gets big—or even medium—they dump Danny, leaving him with the dregs: the blind xylophonist and the stammering ventriloquist whom even kids at the orphanage boo.

"Kindness, acceptance, love..."—that's Danny's credo, and a weird credo,

indeed, considering the business he's in. It's Danny's sweetness, in fact, that makes his story for me—and you probably have to respond to it in an uncomplicated, generous way to really enjoy the humor, and the movie. Danny Rose is a fish completely out of water, temperamentally unsuited to his milieu; if he had "hostility," he'd get along better. And, actually, Tina Vitale is a fish out of stream herself: we can sense that her pragmatic, hard-as-nails veneer is only a front (like Mia Farrow's falsies) when she keeps returning to the bedridden fortune-teller every time her life hits a quandary.

Everybody in Danny's story, in fact, is either sweet or somehow simple and childlike (the major exception is "Sid Bacharach," the big-time agent who steals away Lou Canova). And that includes Canova, the great, lumbering, sweating, alcoholic oaf of a cabaret singer—Jerry Vale as a beached whale—who winds up betraying Danny, dumping him like all the others. It even includes the two Mafia hitmen—the mur-

derous Risposi brothers. Despite their grotesque, reptilian air and their psychotic violence, they come across a bit like kids playing a game. The game is murder, of course, but at least they're playing it according to code: protecting and revenging their poor sap of a brother, Johnny the "Poet," who worships Tina.

As Allen develops the plot, it becomes a classic, tight, love-on-the-run tale, with every facet shining in place. In narrative terms, *Broadway Danny Rose* is a triumph. It is never a beat off; it's really a masterpiece of script construction. There's never a moment that seems out of place, either too long or too short; everything contributes to the final effect. These are the qualities—beyond questions of morality or artistry—that Allen probably admires so much in Bergman, and that he was striving to get in his two Bergman pastiches, *Interiors* and *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*.

Part of the key to the movie's tightness lies in the narration; and the style and mood it creates. It's Allen's terrific inspiration to have the whole movie narrated by a chorus-claque of comics, led by Sandy Baron, who wisecrack their way through a snack at the Carnegie deli, swapping outlandish "Danny Rose" stories. The writing here (to which the six comics, who include Allen's producer, Jack Rollins, may have contributed) is marvelous. Everything they say—every punch line, every "break-up"—has an air of spontaneity. It's reminiscent of the banter and byplay in John Cassavetes's *Husbands*, or like the chatter under the credits in Barry Levinson's *Diner*—and here it's sustained for the entire film, worked into its whole texture.

The comics set the tone. It's *their* view of Danny Rose that we're seeing here, and it's perhaps their special blend of the streetwise and the sentimental that determines what we know of him. This is a story told as a "topper"—by professionals who are trying to crack each other up. The convivial atmosphere in the deli takes the sting out of Danny's misadventures, and it's also probably what "places" the sentiment and the air of slightly kitschy sweetness. These guys, after all, are hardened cynics, but they know how to milk laughter and tears, how to play to an audience. They know all the gimmicks and all the shtick—and Danny's is a story of shtick turned in on itself.

All the show-biz clichés—phony warmth, phony loyalty, too many "darlings" and "sweethearts" and "I love ya,

baby, you're beautiful," the cloying atmosphere of the irredeemably third-rate—take on a new dimension with the "Danny Rose" stories, *because Danny really believes them*. Which makes him a joke—a lovable joke, a joke they're all rooting for. (One of the great moments here occurs after the film's most Dickensian climax, after Danny's been fired and visits the hospitalized, stammering ventriloquist, Barney Dunn, who's had his legs and arms broken. "This isn't funny... This is terrible," says one of the comics—and we see the glint in Sandy Baron's eye and we know he's not going to spoil our evening with a tragedy, even though the tragedy exists.

"Woody," of course (aka Allen Konigsberg), began as a writer for stand-up comics and then as a comic himself; he was the first of that breed to crack through as a writer-director-star, and he

ing this milieu right down to the ground; and then playing it up and exaggerating it for comic effect. This is *his* territory, just as much as the turf in *Manhattan* or the "autobiographical" *Annie Hall*—and the chorus of comics, sharpening their wits against each other, come across with utter conviction. Perhaps because he's commenting here on the tawdriness of show business, on the blighted, pathetic dreams of all the losers around Danny, he's really able to get that inner seriousness and depth that was partly denied to him in *Interiors*—a pretty film that left you a little cold. The suggestion of possible tragedy—grief and betrayal—only sharpens the humor.

In this tragicomic, fairy-tale ambience, all of the performances are slightly exaggerated (even Forte as Lou Canova, who's basically "playing himself") and they become, to a degree, a collection of



Lovable Lou, Danny's star crooner, absorbs his perpetual spiel.

opened the way for others—including Mel Brooks, Albert Brooks, Joan Rivers and Marty Feldman. And even though Allen tapped a lot of new veins, he was a stand-up comic in the classic tradition.

I played the United Artists album of his old cabaret routines before writing this, and one thing that struck me was how "typical" a lot of them really were. He doesn't give the impression of being a revolutionary or a trailblazer the way Lenny Bruce was—and Richard Pryor is. His jokes were far more intellectual, but he shaped them traditionally. There's even a soft, nervous giggling in his 1964 act, which seems totally out of phase with the neurotic persona he was developing: that giggling has a seductive edge, and it shows us a hint of Allen the romantic, the secret sharpie.

Because he was a comic, he gives a sense in *Broadway Danny Rose* of know-

comic grotesques. Mia Farrow is perhaps the best example of this. I watched her "Tina Vitale" for five minutes, admiring the work of this big-bosomed, nasal, tough, really sexy actress—whoever she was—and wondering when petite, delicate, wistful little Mia was coming on.

But the grotesques again are part of the joke, part of the tall tale—part of the whole screwy legend of the soft-hearted agent and the broad who has her heart touched. When the people peer through these grotesques, it becomes strange and touching. Kindness, acceptance, forgiveness, love... That's what the sharpie's delicatessen joke-session is all about. And when they're done, they've given the kiss-off to all the clichés—all our expectations have been pleasantly sprung back on us. Orchids for the kid, please... Because if I've ever seen a

new American release that had "classic" written all over it, it's *Broadway Danny Rose* □

Silkwood (D: Mike Nichols. With Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell and Cher)—There's a nightmarish quality to this film—an affinity for empty, blasted lives lived under harsh skies in modern American wastelands (in this case, rural Oklahoma under the heel of the Kerr family and Kerr-McGee). And for me this is more admirable than its political courage. It takes relatively little insight, for example, to note that nuclear-plant leakages poison and kill, or that huge corporations often cover their asses in the most brutal ways possible; or even to suggest, obliquely, that the real-life labor activist Karen Silkwood may have been deliberately contaminated with plutonium and then executed. But it does take courage to face the hundred hells of everyday for many "ordinary" Americans, the joyless dead ends into which their lives have been run—lives without hope, beauty, resonance or dignity, lives bereft of meaning and barren of promise, only briefly enlivened by sex, laughter, children or friendship. That is a hell for which the cancerous poisons of radiation simply offer an acceleration—and the filmmakers and actors here bring it to disheartening, terrifying light. Much of the cast—especially Craig Nelson and Diana Scarwid—are remarkable; and as the feisty, promiscuous, rebellious, earthy and deeply scarred Karen, Meryl Streep is brilliant.

And the Ship Sails On (D/Sc: Federico Fellini. With Freddie Jones and Janet Suzman)—A great terrifying toy of a film—bewitching, eerie, childlike and strange. One watches it with the same bemused wonder you might experience if the tiny ivory carvings in a medieval amulet the size of an egg suddenly began to move and dance and wink. Fellini's style has become chastely fantastical. No longer does he track the camera through sumptuous, whirling, busy backgrounds. He keeps the camera still, quiet. Characters wander up to it, wander away. Everything is calculatedly artificial: deliberately off-kilter lip-synching, a painted moon and sun, an ocean of dry, rippling sheets, a horizon of pure cyclorama. We are back almost at the dawn of movies themselves (a period that Fellini excitingly re-creates—camera whirl, scratched prints and all—in *Ship's* first few minutes), back before World War I, in the heyday of

Chaplin. We are on an elaborate pleasure vessel, with chandeliers and sweeping staircases and haute cuisine, packed with the cream of the special "society" of classical music (divas, conductors, composers), all there to attend final rites on a distant island for the legendary "Edmea Tetua." Also present, of course, are the ship's servants, the stokers, and a group of Serbian refugees (or "terrorists," depending on your point of view). The plot may suggest Stanley Kramer's film *Ship of Fools*, but this is pure Fellini, pure enchantment: a delicate and wacky *jeu d'esprit* full of oddball charm



Russell and Streep in *Silkwood*.



Caine and Johnson in *Blame It on Rio*.

and grace, the wind whispering, the dry waves rolling, and a cast full of dancing grotesques under studio spots and a paper moon.

Blame It on Rio (D: Stanley Donen. Sc: Larry Gelbart, Charlie Peters. With Michael Caine, Michele Johnson, Joseph Bologna and Valerie Harper)—Two middle-aged coffee executives of affluent means and their nubile (in one case supernubile) daughters on a high old holiday in Rio de Janeiro—where the nights are torrid, the *mai tais* frosty, the limbs lissome, the *macumbas* hot, the bosoms undraped, and all the "natives"

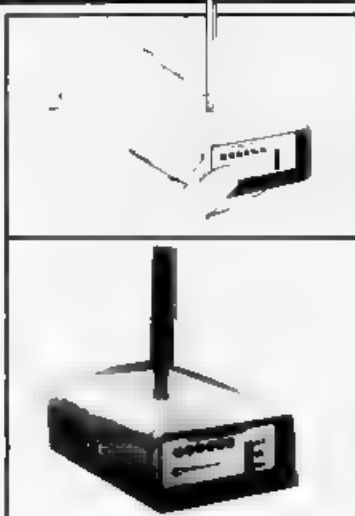
seem to be doing some variation on the samba, the carioca or the hippy-hippy-shake. Who can keep their wits in a place like this? Certainly not poor Michael Caine, whose wife has decamped to Club Med, whose buddy has turned oddly surly and is wasting his nights in Rio ribaldry, and whose buddy's daughter, Jennifer (Michele Johnson), keeps whipping off her blouse with mad insouciance and muttering suggestive comments like "I've always wanted you!" and "Make love to me!"

Blame It on Rio might be quite entertaining with the soundtrack turned off. Ms. Johnson's performance would immediately improve by several thousand percent, and we would additionally be spared the musical accompaniment, supplied not by Jobim or Deodato, but by those experts at Brazilian rhythm, ambience and soul, Ken Wannberg, Sheldon Harnick and Cy Coleman—whose combined efforts make you yearn for the musical integrity of *Blame It on the Bossa Nova*.

Burroughs (D: Howard Brookner. With William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Terry Southern and Patti Smith)—Genius can be sometimes disconcerting. And the genius we see here certainly is: William Burroughs—a skeletal, reptilian-looking septuagenarian in grayish, nondescript suits, with lidded, ophidian eyes and a voice like the dry cackle of cornshucks whishing around in a coffin. In Brookner's often fascinating documentary, we see this genuine literary master padding around in his "bunker," a windowless Bowery loft fashioned from an old YMCA locker room, playing with a large collection of blackjacks and knives and muttering, "If you had a double-bladed knife, you could swing it out and cut somebody's throat before he knew what was happening. Right in the middle of a sentence."

We hear him vivisection his past with remorseless lack of sentiment: heroin and morphine addiction, the growing pains of a middle-class St. Louis gay, the killing of his wife, Joan ("an absolute piece of insanity"). What emerges is an icy portrait of a quintessential outsider, always off at a slant, observing life with the chilly dispassion of an entomologist sifting bugs. Brookner's documentary portrait, in the end, is scary, and touching—and so relentlessly honest that every "peculiarity" and kink of Burroughs's life becomes as familiar and close, and even comforting, as rainfall on a midwestern porch roof. □

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/ continued from page 84

Robert Hanrahan (the manager of the Offs and Dead Kennedys at the time) had been impressed by the Maniacs' regular venue, and during his daily business about town he always had one eye open for a place where he could produce shows. "...and then I was on Valencia Street one day and saw a 'Hall for Rent' notice. I went up and there were three guys watching TV without the sound on. They pushed a pad and pencil toward me, we started exchanging notes, and the next thing we were doing a show on December 2." Hanrahan rented a cheap \$50 public-address system, booked the Offs and Mutants, printed up some pink fliers, distributed them and waited to see what would happen. At 11 P.M. on 2 December, as if they were migrating birds, Punks began appearing along the sleazy Valencia burrito strip headed for the Deaf Club.

The place was reminiscent of Beat novelist Jack Kerouac's description of the underground jazz clubs in Frisco nearly three decades earlier. The crowd face to face with the band in a tiny, smoky, steam box of a room, pogoing, screaming, drinking, drugging, necking, pressed together, throbbing like one big heart to the loony-bin-inspired Mutants and the ever-improving Offs. It was so loud that speech was as useless for the Punks as it was for the deaf people who always came to the gigs.

The Deaf Club became synonymous with Punk. What better name for a club featuring this kind of music? It wasn't long before the club was exposed in the media and became public knowledge—which spelled its downfall. It became the victim of fire codes and maximum occupancy laws in the end. Hanrahan attempted to improve the venue and adhere to the law, but by the end of the summer of '79 the Deaf Club had been effectively closed to Punk shows.

Punk crowds had always been integral to the makeup of each show, but as the scene progressed the crowds became more and more daring in the absence of a hard-line security corps. They sometimes grabbed the microphones out of the hands of the performers to sing their own version of a song.



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or pulled performers into the crowd, carrying them across a sea of heads. But it was around this period that a new twist was introduced. Members of the audience would climb up onstage, strut and swagger star-wise for a few moments, then race to the edge of the stage and dive onto the crammed front lines of the crowd. In the minds of many members of the first wave of scenesters this was a violation of some unwritten code. They retired themselves, claiming the scene had become too violent and that football mentality had encroached on polite Punk society. Another development was the so-called Slam Dance, which was the first cousin to the Pogo. The Slam, like the Pogo, made everyone fair game to be bounced off of, and though to an outsider it appeared to be a drunken brawl, it was essentially harmless. As long as everyone understood that they were supposed to get pushed around there was no problem. This didn't always happen and occasionally there were violent results.

By mid-year of 1979 another school of bands had established themselves in the city. Foremost among them was Flipper. Flipper consisted of Vietnam vet and ex-art teacher Ted Falconi on guitar, vocalist Bruce Loose (whose destructive nature nominated him as most likely to be found in a muddy ditch with a bullet in his head), Will Shatter, formerly the bassist with Negative Trend and Steve DePace, an ex-fan turned drummer. Their motto was "Flipper Rules...OK?" They even had a new rock 'n' roll category for themselves called "Pet Rock." "Pet Rock" is not a joke, and if it were, it wouldn't be funny. Add to that their logo, which was relentlessly graffitied around town, and the considerable writing talents of Shoshana Wechsler behind them, and you had the best publicity of any band since the Dead Kennedys.

Flipper was named by Ricky Williams (who was their original vocalist), and predictably the band did everything backwards. If the other bands were playing faster, Flipper played at a crawl; if the other bands' songs were shorter, Flipper was ponderously long; if the other bands were political, Flipper had this to say: "What? Politics? Politics are fucked! Who wants to talk about government or something like that?" It wasn't long before adoring adolescent fans were referring to them as "those perky porpoises." Flipper's music was not Pop, and it didn't fit the Punk mold too well either, essentially because it was a reactionary acid-hybrid spiked with Will Shatter's (who left the

band in early 1983) poignant poetry.

Near the end of 1979 Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra announced his candidacy for mayor on the back cover of S.F.'s new fanzine, *Damage*. Biafra's campaign rocketed the sharp-witted vocalist into the public eye and united the Punk communities' self-appointed leaders. While attending a gathering at Target, *Damage* editor Lapin loudly proclaimed, "We have our own paper, our own television station [Target] and our own candidate for mayor," to the raucous applause of everyone present. Jello's campaign was built on a landmark platform worthy of Pat Paulsen. Policies like hiring laid-off city workers as panhandlers at 50 percent commission to replace funds lost through Proposition 13 (an unpopular property owners' tax break that eventually set California's state treasury plummeting from a \$3 billion surplus to a \$1 billion deficit) were introduced; requiring police to be elected; legalizing squatting in vacant buildings; and the erection of Dan White statues around town (while having the Park Department open up concession stands dealing eggs and tomatoes to throw at them) were all discussed. Dirksen hosted a benefit at the Mabuhay to raise the \$400 campaign budget, and a whistle-stop subway speechmaking tour culminating at City Hall was booked. The media attention mounted after the local papers quoted appointed mayor Diane Feinstein as saying that Biafra "made the race more interesting." Jello was not elected mayor, but he did collect 6,591 votes (coming in fourth) and earned more press coverage than any local Punk rocker.

Tenth Street Hall survived one of the hardest of hardcore evenings ever presented when L.A.'s Circle Jerks and Black Flag opened for the Dead Kennedys. That particular night, Biafra, always the showman, pulled a young skinhead wearing a swastika T-shirt out of the audience, to help introduce the Kennedys' new song "Nazi Punks Fuck Off." The swastika had long been used by Punks for its shock value. For example, when one English Punk was asked in 1977 why she wore a swastika, she replied, "Punks just like to be hated." The new DKs' song submitted that the swastika was still a fascist symbol, contradicting the simplistic antiestablishment interpretation given by the original Punks. Indeed, in Germany this symbol is officially banned. (In California it is a felony to draw it.) When S.F.'s experimental synthesizer group, the Residents, tried to market their *Third*

FORCADE

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out and published the information that Hoffman, Rubin and Ed Sanders had received \$30,000 for their book *Vote*. At the same time the Zippies endorsed Democrat George McGovern for president. The Yippies, traditionally opposed to all candidates, preferred to vote with their feet. They saw the endorsement as a betrayal of principle. At the 1972 Republican National Convention in Miami the confrontation between the two factions came to a head.

The Zippies clearly outclassed the Yippies in creative, imaginative protests. At one point Forcade managed to steal a 20-foot portrait of Lyndon Johnson from the convention hall and the Zippies paraded up and down Collins Avenue displaying it. As a result of such bravado, Tom and his girlfriend Cindy Ornstein were busted on a phony firebombing rap at the end of the convention, though the case was soon dropped. Following the convention Rubin and Hoffman publicly resigned from the Yippies.

It was at the convention that the idea of *HIGH TIMES* was born. There have been many explanations as to how the bizarre scheme was hatched, many of them fostered by Forcade's flare for inventing history. He was fond of telling people the magazine was simply the product of a nitrous-oxide vision. In fact, the concept for *HIGH TIMES* was based on a much more specific inspiration: the short-lived but ferociously successful Pot People's Party.

The Pot People's Party was an ad hoc group that organized for the Miami convention and set up headquarters under a huge eucalyptus tree in Flamingo Park. At the demonstrators' campsite, where a number of Left groups were ensconced—Vietnam Vets Against the War, National Welfare Rights Organization, etc.—the PPP consistently drew the largest crowd. This wasn't lost on Forcade.

Pot was considered a major political issue by the Left then. The first pot lobbies were forming in California, pushing for the passage of Proposition 19, which would have legalized personal-use quantities of marijuana statewide. Most underground newspapers carried a dope column warning the readers against the dangers of speed and various ill-concocted LSD products.

"When I saw that huge crowd under the eucalyptus tree," Forcade would recall later, "I saw the politics of the '70s."

But putting together a magazine like *HIGH TIMES* required heavy financing, so for the next year Forcade concentrated on raising a war chest the best way he could—dealing weed.

For two years he had been making occasional journeys back to Arizona, picking up the plentiful Mexican pot that was smuggled across the border by four-wheel-drive vehicles and light planes. He would return to New York and sell the product at four times

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FORCADE

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his purchase price. Pounds he'd got in quantity for around \$50 moved easily for \$200.

During the 1972 convention in Miami he discovered a new supply line when he met people who were importing a revolutionary variety of marijuana. Colombian. Forcade brought his first load up to New York a few weeks after the convention, and the venture was an instant, unqualified success. So much stronger than Mexican was this new Colombian that the price quickly shot up to \$350 a pound, and rumors spread that it was powdered with LSD.

In the early days of 1974 Tom began to work on the first issue of his new magazine in his office/apartment on Twelfth Street in Greenwich Village. He put the word out through the UPS grapevine that he was looking for pieces for a magazine to be called *HIGH TIMES*. Through the spring he and a couple of close friends—and two or three art hurelings—put the first issue together. It rolled off the presses in May.

Of the original 10,000 copies of issue one, only a handful were sold commercially in a few select New York City newsstands. The majority Tom sent to potential advertisers, particularly to participants in the biannual New York Fashion and Boutique show, where hundreds of "headshops" and paraphernalia suppliers bought and sold their lines. The rest he packed in suitcases and took around the country, dumping them in the laps of underground newspapers and "alternative" distributors. In Madison, Wisconsin, he popped up in the offices of the guerrilla tabloid *Take Over*, successor to *Kaleidoscope*, with two valises, one filled with magazines and the other with pounds of Colombian pot.

The success of the magazine surprised just about everyone, though Forcade himself always claimed he knew from the beginning it would take off like it did—or he never would have started it. As a quarterly, the second issue in the fall had a print run of 25,000. The winter issue jumped to 40,000, and by that time a number of distributors were handling the mag. It was picking up ads from paraphernalia suppliers so fast that they frequently couldn't be accommodated. Advertisers would call and beg for space.

After the fourth issue the magazine went bimonthly. Within six more months, in the winter of 1975, *HIGH TIMES* became an official, audited, slick monthly, standing next to *Time* and *Atlantic* on the newsstands—as-tounding feds, heads and the public equally. By this time circulation had climbed over 100,000 and was still growing.

It was about this time that I went to work for *HIGH TIMES*. As a charter Zippie I had known Tom for years, and had heard tales of his illegal exploits from my sources in the dealing grapevine. He called me one day, told me he liked my writing and said he'd give me \$175 a week to work for *HIGH TIMES*. For the first week of my employment he sat in a little park across from my

apartment in Greenwich Village, watching me come and go, seeing who visited me. I never found out why and never asked. It was somehow more like him to do something like that than not to.

Publishers are an eccentric lot, but none more so than Forcade. For months on end he would disappear—off to do dope deals that apparently netted him huge profits. Then he'd show up suddenly in the middle of the night at the *HIGH TIMES* office, where he would meet with Pam Lloyd, the editor, who carefully kept a huge stack of solicited and unsolicited manuscripts. He would pore through them, reading sometimes 200 manuscripts before the sun came up, putting the ones he liked back on the table and tossing the others on the floor. Then he would creep out into the dawn—a small, thin, balding figure with hard, squinty eyes and a dour-looking mustache, looking more like a cat burglar than a highly successful publisher—and disappear for several more months.

Success troubled him. At a time when a self-respecting radical wouldn't have been caught dead running a business, he was raking in hundreds of thousands off his publication and deals. So he pumped most of the money back into the underground press, financing literally dozens of publications and counterculture ventures. The Wisconsin Independent News Distributors, an alternative distributor, owed him over \$70,000 when they went under. Others owed him even more.

Still he was troubled. One night he showed up in my apartment looking wild-eyed and haggard, high on coke and paranoia. He said he could no longer compromise; a successful capitalist venture like *HIGH TIMES* was simply incompatible with his socialist ideals. *HIGH TIMES* would have to go.

Two weeks later he kept his word. One busy, Thursday afternoon, as the office hummed with the activity of 50 employees, he struck. I had gone to the bank to cash a check and returned to find the office totally empty, hot coffee still in cups, not a soul in sight. I felt as if I'd stepped into the Twilight Zone. The only clue was the phone lying on the floor of the reception office, having been torn from the wall. Forcade had come in, yanked the phone out, fired everyone and sent them away. They were in the bar downstairs conferring about what to do next.

Tom eventually relented, of course, and reopened the magazine. *HIGH TIMES* prospered, peaking out in mid-1976, with the June issue topping 500,000 in sales and an estimated readership of 9 million. It has never reached that circulation since.

Tom himself often said *HIGH TIMES'* success was a case of being in the right place at the right time. In its gravy years, '76 through '78, a dozen states decriminalized marijuana, thousands of research grants were awarded to study the effects of pot, and millions of people turned on for the first time. It was *HIGH TIMES'* finest hour. In the fall of 1978, as the rush subsided, Forcade, apparently exhausted by the same conflicting forces that had driven him to such success, took his own life. □

Reich and Roll album in Germany they were forced to censor every swastika, Hitler image and the word "Reich" that appeared on the cover art.

The Residents are the world's most popular unknown musicians. They strictly adhere to a policy of anonymity. Under this policy the Residents have never revealed their identities, granted an interview or, until late 1982, performed live. They founded Ralph Records which released their own discs as well as those by Tuxedo Moon, MX 80 Sound and multitalented guitarist/songwriter Snakefinger. At their Grove Street studios they also produced many brilliant promotional videotapes, directed by Graeme Whifler. In 1982 the Residents produced and performed *The Mole Show* which incorporated their music, theater, dance and graphics in a live multimedia presentation. They remained disguised and anonymous, as they do to this day.

By 1981 most of the original enthusiasm for Punk had been drained from the scene. Most of the initial wave of characters had either dropped out or disappeared. Some of these disappearances came out of success, as in the case of the Dead Kennedys and Target, who put together highly popular tours in Europe. But there is something about success that isn't digested well by the nihilistic Punk metabolism. Bands who succeed at the rock 'n' roll game are as suspect as clubs with too clean a decor or fans with long hair. People began saying Punk was dead when dinosaur groups like the Who and Stones began making painfully contrived attempts at Punk aesthetics. People began saying that Punk was dead when studded leather wristbands appeared in downtown shop windows rather than in the back rooms of gay bars, and people began to say that Punk was dead when every secretary and 35-year-old vegetarian began showing up at the office with a splotch of crazy-colored hair. They were right. Punk was being castrated in the marketplace.

Bands who had survived the early Mab days, like Tuxedo Moon and the Offs, relocated in Belgium and New York City, respectively. Meanwhile, members of other bands began switching their styles to Rockabilly in an effort to beat the ennui that had set in. On the surface everything appeared divided and malnourished. But beneath the surface something was brewing that paralleled the suburban hardcore explosion happening in Orange County. "Thrash" music had been born. The

three most prominent S.F. bands in this category were Bad Posture, Code of Honor and the Fuck Ups. They, along with survivors like the Lewd, Dead Kennedys, Flipper and the Undead, embodied the original energy and attitudes that those who were saying "Punk is dead" were trying to escape.

Thrash was a term that could be loosely applied to any music that used jackhammer tempos which effectively turned the beat into a hum. The vocalist delivered a similarly paced diatribe about anything from McDonalds hamburgers to murdering bus drivers. Thrash was inherently political. The audience members, who were mostly skinheads or mohawked males, dived from the stage or formed a circle where they'd dance the "Huntington Beach Shuffle." The Shuffle was a mutation of the Slam Dance, best understood by Shawn Kerri's illustrations for the Circle Jerks. Dress was obligatory black leather for those who could afford it, while torn jeans and plaid shirts sufficed for others. Headbands, leather wristbands with threateningly pointed studs, black motorcycle or combat boots and tattoos rounded out the look.

The Fuck Ups were a four-piece Thrash band headed up by ex-Undead member Bob Noxious, Punk's answer to primal therapy. When Bob wasn't whining into a microphone, he could be found diving offstage at shows. He was known to knock out the singers of other groups while they were playing. The Fuck Ups were a raw, nasty, uncontrollable quartet with enough energy to claw their way through any icons set in their path, including those of their politically correct detractors. The Fuck Ups were not politically correct. Their lyrics were often racist, sexist or just in poor taste, but their intensity was frightening. For example, drummer Joe Dirt submitted to a two-month medical experiment to raise cash to fund the group's 45. The band was often accompanied by a group of three hardened females called the Fuckettes who did backing "vocals" on some songs.

Code of Honor was a righteous group of knitters who advocated that California secede from the Union. Vocalist Johnithin Christ would growl lyrics like "better to die than to live a fucking lie" and deliver Morrisonesque monologues about never deserting your buddies in need.

Romeo Void exploded onto the S.F. music scene in February 1982 when they released their first LP on 415 called *It's a Condition*. The band featured vocalist Debora Iyall, whose sultry sex

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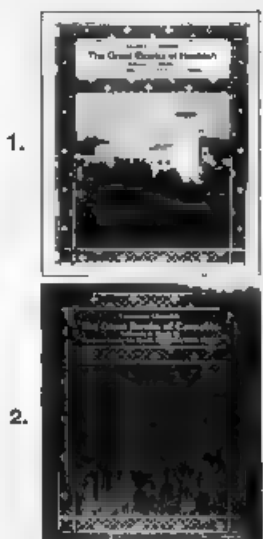
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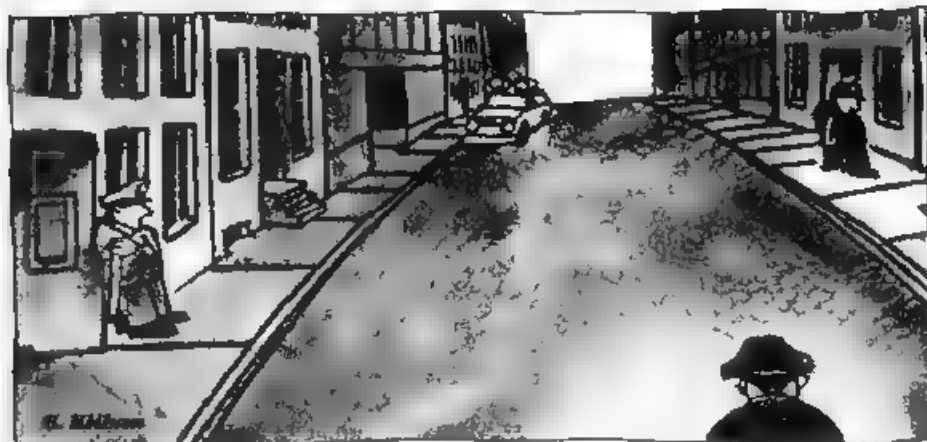
talk coupled with Benjamin Bossi's screaming sax solos rocketed the album onto the national charts. *It's a Condition* was followed later in the year by an EP called *Never Say Never*, featuring a hit song of the same name ("I might like you better if we slept together"), that sent CBS Records scrambling to S.F. for a visit with 415. After a year of negotiations a package was worked out for joint Columbia/415 ventures, the first of which was Romeo Void's *Benefactor* album in 1982, followed by the release of Translator's *Heartbeats and Triggers*.

Romeo Void was obviously not a Thrash band. Their music is packaged for dance-club play, which is where ex-Punks tend to migrate.

The notoriety of Country/Rockabilly/Punk spin-off bands like Silvertone and Rank and File had begun to send ripples through the Punk world. Johnny Genocide traded in his spiked hair for a pompadour and his last name for Patterson when he switched to his Rockabilly combo the Swinging Possums. Other bands like the CF (Club Foot) Country Players, the all-girl trio the Stir Ups and the Memphis G-Spots (featuring a transvestite, Artie Galster, singing Patsy Cline tunes) seemed to indicate the makings of a Rockabilly trend. They attracted audiences avoiding the slam-bang orientation of Thrash bands like M.D.C. (Millions of Dead Cops), Free Beer, those mohawk leatherboys Crucifix, Impatient Youth or Los Olvidados (the forgotten), a San Jose band that took their name from a Luis Bunuel film.

As always, groups that defy categorization streamed out of the woodwork. They included the moody Fade to Black, the Black Athletes, Paris Working, Umbrella Defense and Beast, a new vehicle for ex-Cramp Brian Gregory; B-Team, the Reggae/Punk two-piece Burnt Offering, the Lifers, the Looters, the teen-aged Uptones and the Renegades.

The '80s are not grounded in any one style. Musically, visually and in the fashion world there are camps promoting the predominance of the various Post-Punk styles: Thrash, Industrial, New Romantic, Rockabilly, Neo-Psychedelic, Ska, Reggae, mainstream Pop, etc., etc. It is truly an eclectic period to be alive: the melting pot of the second half of the 20th century. It is an era when the line between radical and conservative has been blurred, and when the media and numbers have created a "Pop underground." The '80s will be the time when the nostalgia cycle finally collides with the present and we are forced to invent the future. □



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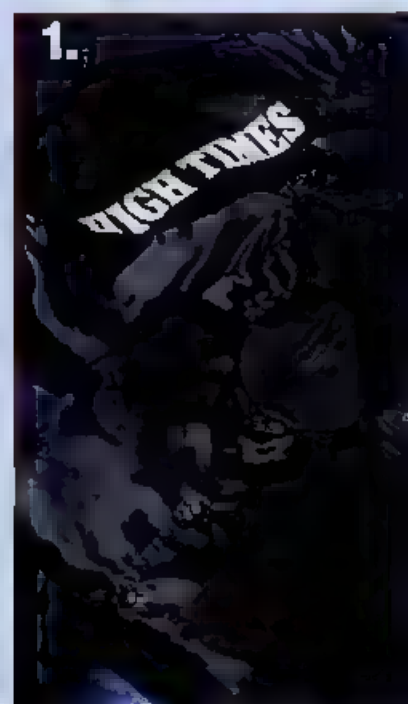
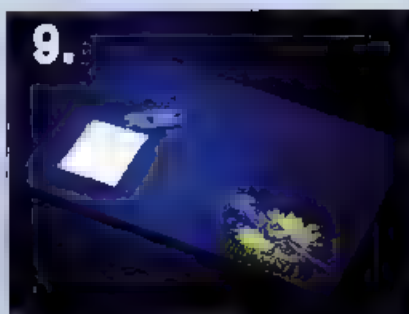
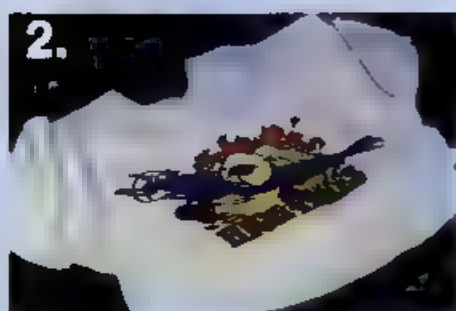
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did for our people.

"Yes," he went on, "I saved your life. And so I became responsible for all your future actions. It was I, and I alone, who brought down the terrible plague upon our tribe. Oh, at first it was okay. They brought Magic Markers and transparent lighters and salt for us. All they asked in exchange was to watch the women masticate our beer mash, or pump us about how it felt to kill an enemy. But anthropology changed. Cost-return energy-efficiency surveys. Bad. I found my own son banded with some kind of radio collar—"

"I'm sorry," stammered Jack, "I had no idea—"

Peruche punched the steering wheel. "White people with huge foreheads, their bluish skin exuding an odor of patronizing support that affected our people like smallpox. Why, *your own son* was almost killed leading a sneezing French sociobiologist's donkey through a sinkhole which proved to be full of electric eel. The histamine-crazed frog risked your boy's life on a cross-country lech for nose spray. All so he could honk out his warped dialectic to the—"

"My son!"

"Of course. We called him 'Shithead,' after you. But when he got big he proved to have a nasty streak so we changed his name to—well, it means he-whoreacts-violently-to-his-given-name."

"A son... I never knew," stammered Jack. "If I had known—"

"If you had known, what?" spat Peruche. "You would have known. You would have put it in your book. Proud but sorrowful chapter... Don't tell me other... I was young once too."

Peruche pulled the cab to a slow trot, the machine's old Detroit engine stuttering an erratic river-mist and rust-choked mutter. They were driving close by the river. Houseboats lined the banks of the Amazon, shielded from the street to some degree by a midden of refuse. Planks ran from the top of the garbage levee to the mud-mired, oddly canted shantytown.

Peruche stopped the cab. He pointed at a houseboat whose vivid patch of primary-colored paint hit the eye like finger paint on a waffle iron, despite the diminishing effect of the jungle dusk. "Your son lives there."

A lot of thoughts, conventionally, should have raced through Jack's head. An illegitimate son by a cannibal bride... but he was too tired for that. It

looked more like Tugboat Annie was living there with an acid-casualty architect.

"My son," said Jack dully. He wanted to feel awestruck or guilty or emotionally conventional. All he thought was, "Shit, this will make the follow-up book a killer."

"This should make your follow-up book a killer," said Peruche. "I was forced enough anthropology to know that. And since we're in-laws now—?"

"I suppose so—" Jack conceded weakly.

Peruche got out, jerked open the back door of his cab and, lifting Jack's single suitcase, trotted up the teetering board to the boat. After several seconds of inevitably futile hesitation, Jack followed.

Introductions would have been a little easier if Jack's son hadn't been having intercourse with a Swedish musicologist on the floor when the old chief Peruche shoved open the door.

"Grandson," said Peruche, disregarding the circumstances, "this is dad. Dad, this is your son."

"Hi, dad," said Jack's son, withdrawing from the musicologist. "I had no idea you were coming. Ever. This is Kara. Kara, dad. Kara's a musicologist. She's fascinated by rhythms."

"Hi," said Jack. "Sorry to just drop in like this. Normally I would have called, but, you know, I didn't even know I had a son... until just now—"

"No sweat, dad," said Jack's boy as he stripped on a pair of chinos. "Family is always welcome. It's still that way down here."

"So," said Jack some hours later, "after your grandfather got bitten by that bush-master snake and the medicine man accused me of keeping ancestral spirits in film cans and using them to fire the snake up, I took off—I really had no choice, son. For one thing, I didn't know you existed, having laid with your mother after we both drank a lot of that *jimache*, that spit-based beer, and for another, that medicine guy was going to kill me. He had some theory that a lot of people, including your uncle, bought. He said that if I was flayed and smoked, certain other ancestors condemned to wander forever through the bush in the form of tapirs would become jaguars... It all became very complicated... I hope you can understand, son."

"Hey," said Jack's son, "you don't have to explain it to me. I've seen it a thousand times. Spiritual and temporal rivalry, church-and-state man, what could be an older story? And anyway, I read

your book, it was required reading when I was growing up. So the past is past. No grudges. How could you have known?"

The boy paused, disregarding the puzzled looks of his Swedish girlfriend. "We got to think of the *now*. I'm not only your son, I'm in a unique position to describe the impact of cultural contamination on the state of nature tribal shit."

"As am I," put forward Peruche.

Jack's son gestured dismissively at the old chief. "Sure you are, grandfather, but basically, objectively, you gotta admit you're an old headhunter. These radical changes happened too late in your life for you to fully grasp their significance—you know what happened but you don't know marketing—how to tell the story the way it's got to be told."

"That's where I fit in, dad. I figure we go fifty-fifty on the book. Let's leave this son-shit aside for the moment. You cut me a full fifty percent and I open up all the way. Otherwise... you can forget it—"

"And I," said Peruche.

"Forget you, grandfather, we'll take care of you. This is still an extended family, but the deal here is between me and dad." The son looked at his father. "Well?" the boy asked.

"All right," said Jack, "but let's get out of here. I can't write with dead *Capybaras* floating by the studio."

"Fine, fine. We'll work at your house," his son agreed.

Three days later Jack had obtained visas, tickets and clearances from Doug Ariel, the department head, to bring Peruche and his son to the university. The three of them were compelled to fly tourist, but Jack's son was unworried.

"We take a sociobiological angle on the book. I say we compare it to the Heisenberg effect in physics, I think that's what it's called. You know, the effect the observer has on the observed event. We'll have a grad student check the terminology. Anyway, it's real hip now to run out cultural comparisons to submolecular physics, and shit, dad, we'll make a killing. And we won't be flying tourist anymore."

Peruche, the old chief with 70 heads to his name, looked across his grandson at Jack. "How does the young boy know all this?" he asked, sipping his tang with raised eyebrows.

"You doubt me?" asked Jack's son. "I already sold first-serial rights to HIGH TIMES."

"Ah," agreed Jack, taking a big gulp of his own Tang breakfast beverage, "we're golden." □

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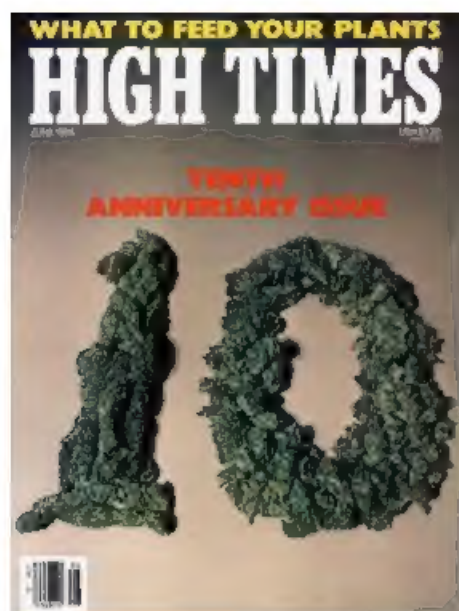
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